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ART. I. *Elements of Art, a Poem in six Cantos; with Notes and a Preface; including Strictures on the State of the Arts, Criticism, Patronage, and Public Taste. By Martin Archer Shee, R. A.* Miller, 1809. 8vo. 400 *pp. price* 12*s.*

WE noticed Mr. Shee's former unassuming production, his 'Rhymes on Art,' with praise; though we perhaps bestowed upon it less attention than the importance of its subject may, in the eyes of many, appear to demand, or than its intrinsic merit really deserved. We are therefore very glad that he has now afforded us an opportunity to acquit our consciences of past neglect by presenting us with a work too considerable, both in its size and object, to escape animadversion, which we shall accordingly proceed to examine with care and fidelity, and as much at large as the nature of our office will permit.

The present publication is not a re-publication, or an enlarged edition, but a continuation of the former. They contain, as Mr. Shee advertises his readers, 'in six cantos the three remaining books' of that before imperfect poem. Notwithstanding this intimation, the volume is printed so as to stand alone, without any reference in form to that which preceded it; a circumstance which we are disposed to attribute to Mr. Shee's delicacy as an author, forbidding him to impose upon the purchasers of his work the republication of what they already possess under the garb of novelty. But, however honourably this motive (if we have ascribed to him the right one) may distinguish Mr. Shee from most of his practical contemporaries, we think that in the present instance it has been somewhat overstrained. At least, if he wishes the 'Rhymes on Art' to be considered as connected, and forming

part of one entire work, with that which he has now published for the first time, the consistency and uniformity of the publication required that they should, in shape, as well as substance, be blended together; and none of his readers would have churlishly objected to the repetition for the sake of the effect.

The preface is occupied, first by an apology for the length of time which has elapsed between the date of Mr. S.'s former, and that of his present publication; an apology which every reader who has witnessed the extent of his exertions in the practice of that art which he assumes the pen to defend and encourage, will most readily admit in its full force; and it then goes on to state the difficulties which seemed to oppose themselves to the execution of his first most comprehensive plan,* and which induced him to adopt the outline of that now presented to the public.

'Concerning the contents of his present volume, the author has but little to observe; as the title announces, they refer principally to those early periods of study, for the direction of which former writers have in a great measure neglected to provide. His work has no pretensions to be considered as a regular treatise on painting; nor does it aspire to instruct the enlightened connoisseur, or the accomplished artist. To the undisciplined tyro of taste he would address himself: he takes up the student in the weak and helpless moments of inexperience, when, an infant in the nursery of arts, he begins to feel his feet, and moves in tottering apprehension: when all is doubt and indecision---eagerness without object, and impetuosity without force or direction. He would, in short, furnish the young painter with a guide, of which, at a similar period of study, the author himself experienced the want: a guide, which, though it may not secure him from error, or conduct him to excellence, will at least tend to open the country to his view, to lead him in the tracks of common sense, and stimulate his powers, if it cannot strengthen them.' *Preface, p.* x.

Of the *characters* which the poet has now and then attempted to delineate for the purpose of enlivening his *didactic dulness*, he asserts that not one was intended by him to convey the slightest *personal* allusion. Satire, therefore, in

* According to this plan, our author informs us that 'in one poem, of four parts, he had intended to treat at large of the rise, progress, present state, and principles of painting. The first part was to have unfolded its origin, progress, and perfection among the ancients. The second, its revival and advancement among the Italians, Flemish, and French. The third, its rise, progress, and present state in Great Britain; and the fourth was to have been devoted to a didactic essay on its principles and powers.' Preface, p. viii.

its most generally accepted sense, by which it is too commonly taken to signify the indulgence of individual malice, Mr. Shee's readers are taught by no means to expect from the volume presented to them. In the more liberal spirit of satire, however, which strikes at general errors and follies, though he can hardly expect it to be equally popular in its reception with the former, he has given free scope to his genius.

The supine neglect of public patronage under which the art of painting has so long languished in this country, formed, as our readers will remember, the principal object of his former publication. In the present, therefore, it is only occasionally glanced at, but with so much justice as to demand the attention of all who are liberally solicitous for the prosperity of the nation. After adverting to the honourable designs of the founders of the British Gallery, and to the too obvious reasons of its failure, or at least of its positive inadequacy to any one of the objects proposed, Mr. Shee proceeds, in a tone of indignation, which we wholly agree with him in thinking that the occasion warrants.

'If, amongst the various discoveries of modern times, our sagacity should have at length found out that the arts have no pretensions to the consideration or protection of the state; if the policy of every great statesman, from Pericles to Mecænas, and from Mecænas to Colbert, be now perceived to be erroneous, if it be no longer deemed the duty of those who direct the affairs of nations, to bestow a thought upon the cultivation of literature and taste— to call forth the genius, or consult the reputation, of their country; if all that can ennoble the nature of man, or immortalize the memory of empires, must now be cast into the vortex of vulgar interests, and left without an effort, to sink or swim in the gloomy tempest of politics and party, the victims of taste and literature cannot be too soon acquainted with their fate, that they may humble their hopes before the wisdom of their age, and prepare for contempt and degradation.' *Pref. p.* xxii.

The government of Great Britain has, however, an excuse ready for this worse than Gothic inattention to the interests of the arts, which Mr. Shee appears to have overlooked when he framed the foregoing spirited invective. Our great enemy and rival understands the political importance of their cultivation, and encourages it. Shall British statesmen, educated in the school of the immortal Pitt, stoop to receive a lesson from the 'child and champion of jacobinism?'

Leaving therefore all further speculations on so hopeless a topic, let us proceed to examine Mr. Shee according to the

mode which he himself challenges for his performance; that is, by going through his poem, in the first instance, without reference to the voluminous notes, or rather, the running commentary, by which it is accompanied, and which we shall make the subject of our concluding animadversions.

The poem opens with an 'Invocation to Taste, as the presiding power that directs the operations of the poet and the painter;' and unfortunately it happens that this passage, although evidently much laboured, is, perhaps for that very reason, the worst in the book. It is composed, too much, on the old Darwinian model so generally exploded, and led us to entertain an unfavourable expectation of what was to follow, in which we were most agreeably disappointed, the fondness for metaphorical superfluity which distinguishes great part of the first book, gradually wearing off, so that very few instances occur in the succeeding pages of the vice which offended at the beginning of the poem. It is in this faulty spirit that the poet addresses his deity, Taste, by the epithet 'pure-eyed,' that he requests her

> 'O'er each wild scene to wave her *tissued* wings,
> And still present the picturesque of things;'

that

> 'Fancy's train th' ethereal triumph leads,
> While each young grace in rapture's measure springs,
> And *clustering* cupids *float* on *filmy* wings.'

Again, in one short page, judgment is represented under the types of *a prism*, *a pilot*, and *a charioteer*. Young painters are described to us as

> 'th' adventurous train
> Who launch their golden hopes on painting's wave.'

The invocation over, our poet begins by supporting the claims of peculiar genius against the favourite doctrine of Johnson respecting the equality, or at least, the generality, of natural endowments. Applying the argument to the subject of painting, he thus proceeds:

> 'As in Bellona's field, when courage fails,
> Nor tactics thrive, nor discipline prevails;
> In painting thus, when nature has denied
> The spark divine, in vain are pains applied.
> Beyond the reach of rule or precept placed,
> No waxen wing can soar the heaven of taste:
> Poets and painters, privileged heirs of fame,
> By right of birth alone their laurels claim:
> The Nine repulsive, plodding toil refuse,
> And each dull son of system vainly sues:

The star of genius must the light impart,
That leads us to the promised land of art.' p. 7.

The next couplet introduces us for the first time to a favourite expression of the author, which, very good humouredly, accompanies us so closely during the remainder of our journey, that we hardly pass a single page out of its society.

'Yet, tho' no maxims teach the muse's lore,
No charts conduct us on the *graphic* shore,' &c.

We found occasion, in noticing Mr. Shee's former publication, to admonish him of the danger arising from too close a friendship for particular phrases; but in the present he has so completely outdone his former outdoings in this respect, that his performance may, we should imagine, render him obnoxious to an action from the proprietors of the polygraphic patent. We had once intended to count how many times the unlucky word occurs, but soon found ourselves obliged to desist from a labour worse than the punishment of the Danaïdes. We have 'the *graphic* world,' '*graphic* triumphs,' 'Rome's *graphic* sons,' '*graphic* wonders,' '*graphic* ground;' Rubens is 'the *graphic* Proteus,' Reynolds is addressed with an apostrophe,

'Oh amply gifted 'mongst the *graphic* train!'

And those painters whom in one place he characterizes (not unhappily) as

'Minutiæ-mongers, microscopic wights,
Whom Denner captivates and Dow delights,'

are just before designated to be

'The plodding herd, who turn the *graphic* wheel,
With dog-trot diligence, and drousy zeal.'

In short, there is hardly a substantive in the English language, which has not this same epithet tacked to it in some part or other of the poem. And the worst of it is, that the epithet itself, although classically correct, has been so often applied to humorous purposes, that it becomes almost impossible to pronounce it without a smile in the gravest passages. The same may in some degree be said of all cant and technical phrases. *Virtù* is clearly of the number of these, a word, which though not so very familiar to Mr. Shee as the former, also occurs too often for any single expression whatever. When painters are instructed to take the "Voyage of *Virtù*," and when we are told that Curioso (a trifling collector of *graphic* anecdotes)

'Sharp as a sportsman, keeps the game in view,
And hunts the closest coverts of *Virtu*—'

We are induced to fancy that Peter Pindar is chanting, and wonder, on looking round, at finding Mr. Shee. Not but in the last instance, perhaps as a satirical one, the word might have been appropriate had it been used only on that single occasion.

Trait is another cant expression much too profusely dealt with. But we have multiplied instances of defect already to more than their fair proportion in treating of a book of so much real merit, and shall therefore now return to take up our analysis where we left it.

After asserting the natural claims of genius, the absolute necessity of a cultivated judgment towards the perfection of taste, is next enlarged upon and exemplified. The difficulties with which the young painter has to struggle, from the want of proper models for imitation, are then contrasted with the superior advantages in that respect enjoyed by the professors of other sciences.

'Too oft, remote from art's establish'd stores,
His path with guideless ardour he explores.
Preceptive lights afford a feeble ray,
And meteors flash delusive on his way.
Nor Raphael's wonders wake his soul to fame,
Nor fires his breast at Buonaroti's name;
Nor Claud's bright heav'n, nor Titian's sun-bright blaze,
Nor mild Correggio's more attemper'd rays,
Diffuse their cheering influence o'er his hours,
At once to ripen and refine his pow'rs.' *p.* 18.

From this neglect of public spirit manifested by the proprietors of great collections (a neglect to which Mr. Shee makes honourable and grateful exceptions in the recent instances of Mr. Thomas Hope, the Marquis of Stafford, Lord Grosvenor, and a few others) arises the circumstance that more *painters* have been fired and raised to eminence in their pursuits, by means of fortuitous and seemingly inadequate causes, than any other men of genius whatever. At the same time, and owing to the same reason, a greater proportion among the practitioners of the art of painting are found either to fail altogether or to bring disgrace both on themselves and on their art by the indulgence of errors, from which they have had no early guide to steer their course. In the absence of certain established precedents, self-raised and capricious directors assume the privilege of authority, and lead multitudes astray after the phantoms of their own peculiar prejudices. In this place, we have some happy instances of the author's

characteristic powers in his portraits of the several bigots for outline, and for colouring, for nature, and for the models of antiquity, who, denying admission to common sense in the regulation of their favourite theories, effectually ruin the blind followers of their precepts, and work the greatest injury of the art which they pretend to patronise. Some plain practical directions as to the extent in which these different systems may be made conducive to the best purposes of art, conclude the canto.

The second canto contains a more general illustration of the 'subservient studies necessary to the formation of a painter'—Anatomy---Perspective—Architecture. The importance of the first of these auxiliary sciences is, we believe, inculcated to the full extent which a judicious critic would demand, at the same time that the extravagance of its abuse manifested in the works of many modern painters is ridiculed in verses which are not only forcible in themselves, but must bring before their reader the recollection of absurdities which he has often witnessed in the exhibitions of living artists.

'Some, by scientific pride misled,
Appear in spectres to have raised the dead;
While such half-skeletons our eyes abuse,
That nature starts, and art astonish'd views.
Fools! who with knowledge out of place offend,
To shew the means, still sacrifice the end.
Behold! to prove their anatomic art,
Each figure flay'd, dissected every part!
Naked, or draped, alike their skill make known,
Through this the muscle swells---through that the bone.
Mere posture-masters of the palette these,
No simple natural positions please.
Like ancient Pistol in the play, their art
Must bluster and look big in every part;
Their thoughts beyond all common measure swell,
In grim hobgoblin grandeur still they dwell;
With epic state their lofty spirit stalks,
Bestriding humbler merit as he walks;
Their vigour, violence; their fancy, whim;
In full distortion, straining every limb,
See monstrous shapes disown'd by every clime,
Burlesque in bloated action the sublime!
While frenzy stares in each distracted face,
As forced expression maddens to grimace.' *p.* 73

Painting, in its most comprehensive character, 'includes and commands all the departments of taste' and 'nature, through all the operations of art is the proper object of the painter.' Thus are we led to reflect on the rise and progress of the works of taste in ancient Greece, and the advantages

which the moderns have never ceased to derive from her wonderful pre-eminence of genius. A great deal of vivid description follows, of those pieces of ancient sculpture which have survived the wreck of time; but it would be difficult to select any particular specimen from this part of the composition. In conclusion, the poet thus apostrophizes the genius whose immortal works he has celebrated.

'Hail, awful shade! that o'er the mould'ring urn
Of thy departed greatness lovest to mourn;
Deploring deep the waste, where, once unfurl'd,
Thy ensigns glitter'd o'er a wond'ring world.
Spirit of ancient Greece! whose form sublime,
Gigantic striding, walks the waves of time;
Whose voice from out the tomb of ages came,
And fired mankind to freedom and to fame:
Beneath thy sway how life's pure flame aspired!
How genius kindled! and how glory fired!
How taste, refining sense, exalting soul,
Enfranchised mind from passion's coarse control!
Aroused to deeds, by heav'n and earth rever'd,
While all the majesty of man appear'd,
How vast our debt to thee, immortal power!
Our widow'd world subsists but on thy dower;
Like Caria's queen, our relict ages raise
But monumental trophies to thy praise!
No! from the ashes of thy arts arise
Those phœnix fires that glitter in our skies;
Thy sun, long set, still lends a twilight ray,
That cheers our colder clime and darker day;
Exhales high feelings from our glowing hearts,
Inflames our genius, and refines our arts:
Still at thy shrine, the hero's vows aspire,
The patriot kindles there his purest fire;
Thy virtues still applauding ages crown,
And rest on thy foundations their renown.
Beneath the mighty ruins of thy name
We build our humbler edifice of fame,
Collect each shatter'd part, each shining stone
Of thy magnificence, by time o'erthrown,
Arrange the rich materials, rapt, amazed,
And wonder at the palace we have raised!' *p.* 134.

The dangers arising from too sanguine an expectation of success in the early efforts of a painter's genius are pointed out in the succeeding canto.

'Let other arts from cradles still recruit,
And force from forward spring a sickly fruit;
While infant prodigies confound our age,
And pour the nursery on the public stage;

No *graphic* wreaths on school-boy brows are placed,
No beardless tyro bends the bow of taste;' &c. *p.* 153.

The character of Hilario is introduced for the purpose of exemplifying the mischiefs to be apprehended from a powerful but ill-directed genius immerging at once in a variety of different pursuits. The student is then recommended to bid defiance to the influence of fashion and caprice and to the more powerful seductions of interest, to keep steadily in view the grand object of his pursuit, and preserve his powers and his genius unimpaired for its attainment. This is, indeed, a most important lesson; but it is that which more than any other requires the aid of disinterested and intelligent patronage to its successful enforcement. What young painter who enters on the profession for the sake of immediate emolument (and how few are there whose circumstances, or whose courage, will suffice for their perseverance in it without such an inducement?)—what young painter can resist the calls of vanity and caprice, or hesitate to postpone the objects of future fame to those of present enjoyment? and, which renders the case more hopeless, what reason can there be to expect such a revolution of sentiment among those who ought to be the patrons of the art as shall lead them to prefer honourable, but barren, encouragement of others to the immediate gratification of their own self-love?

The necessity of patient and unprejudiced attention to the works of the ancient painters brings the poet back to his former invective against the narrow spirit of most English collectors, who, as he says, 'occupied in the barren gratification of taste, neglect to promote the fertility of genius.' It also leads him to a general criticism of the several excellencies which characterize the great masters of his art, and the early schools of their respective foundations. In classing them according to the superiority of their genius and productions, he boldly dissents from an opinion introduced by Reynolds, and (as he thinks) too blindly encouraged by our English painters since his time, and aims at restoring Raphael to that pre-eminence which the concurrent voice of antiquity seems to have assigned to his exalted talents. The arguments on which he establishes his doctrine are supported with great ingenuity in his notes—but an examination of them would lead us to too great a length of discussion, and we prefer selecting the entire passage of the poem itself, upon which the notes are founded.

'Swift as the comet cleaves th' ethereal way,
As bright his lustre, and as brief his day,

Urbino, rising to the raptured eye,
Appear'd, and blazed, and vanish'd from the sky.
Monarch of art! in whose august domains,
Colleagued with genius, soundest judgment reigns;
Simplicity prevails without pretence,
And fancy sports within the bounds of sense.
By nature's hand with liberal bounty graced,
And proudly fashion'd for the throne of taste,
Before his age he sprang to painting's prime,
And forced his tardy fruits from ripening time.
'Twas his, to choose the nobler end of art,
And charm the eye, subservient to the heart;
To strike the chords of sentiment—to trace
The form of dignity—the flow of grace;
The passions' *protean* empire to control,
And wield expression's sceptre o'er the soul.
Whate'er of life he touch'd, of youth or age,
The pious saint, or philosophic sage;
Whether, impressive in the bold design,
The rapt apostle pour the word divine;
Or bright, on Tabor's summit, to the skies,
The god, in full transfigured glory, rise;
Whate'er the cast of character, his hand
Has all the moulds of genius at command,
To nature true, can each strong *trait* impart,
And stamp with taste the sterling ore of art.
Next, Buonaroti, rich in rival fame,
To crown whose brows, three arts contending claim;
Majestic genius! from whose daring hand
Springs all that's great in thought, or action grand,
Whate'er can awe the soul on sacred plan,
Or strike stupendous in the powers of man;
In forms emaciate cramp'd, before his day,
The meagre muscle scarce appear'd to play,
The story's strength, th' enervate action marr'd,
Man seem'd a sapless statue, stiff and hard,
But torpid while the plastic lumber lay,
Prometheus like, he fired the lifeless clay,
Bade every limb enlarge, each breast expand,
And pour'd a race of giants from his hand.
Behold him, still as genius prompts, impart
A bolder grace to each subservient art,
While now the powers of Phidias he displays,
Now leaves Palladio but the second praise:
Whether he rears the prophet's form on high,
Or hangs the dome enormous in the sky,
On painting's proudest pinion soars sublime,
Scales heaven itself, and scorns the bounds of time;
Through all his toils, triumphant vigour swells,
And grandeur in impressive glory dwells;

His fiery soul beyond this sphere of things,
To man's more awful scene hereafter springs;
With fearless hand unfolds the final state
That closes the catastrophe of fate;
Displays the pangs of guilt to vengeance hurl'd,
While heav'n's just sentence shakes the shuddering world.
p. 183.

Our readers will not be displeased by the quotation of a few more verses from this part of the work, in which the author appears to have happily succeeded in assigning their true rank to those singular productions of painting, which, while some persons bestow on them a degree of admiration, due only to far loftier efforts of the pencil, others have treated with a contempt 'equally unjust and absurd, which may be suspected to proceed rather from the affectation than the refinement of taste.'

'Let not the pedantry of taste despise
The humbler beauties of Batavian skies:
Tho' painting there no epic wreath requires,
Nor feels, nor feigns to feel, poetic fires;
Content on boors and burgomasters still
At wakes and weddings to display her skill;
Tho' fancy too, each towering flight deterr'd,
Degenerates there, a tame domestic bird;
In homely scenes alone familiar found,
To skip, and sport, and flutter on the ground;
Strong in their glass reflected, tho' we own
The broad low comedy of life alone,
Yet truth is there, and nature, while we trace
Her coarser character, and common face,
Avows her image mark'd on every part,
And by her sanction consecrates their art.' *p.* 216.

Canto the fourth contains yet stronger recommendations to the study of the ancient masters, on their native soil, with useful admonitions to beware of the errors to which students are exposed in the pursuit—of the seductive pleasures of the climate—of the 'fluctuation of taste' engendered by the variety of objects and guides—of the destructive influence of precedent—of the suggestions of ignorance and prejudice. The character of the accomplished painter is elevated to the most honourable distinction, by the diversity of knowledge and attainments to which it is necessary that he should aspire. Those masters are then considered who have reflected most dignity on the art, from the excellence of their subservient acquisitions; and the subject is wound up in a high and eloquent eulogium on the father of the English school. From

this passage, the limits of our Review prevent us from extracting more than the concluding lines, allusive to the calamity which darkened the last days of Reynolds' existence—his loss of sight.

'In him ambition's purest passion glow'd,
And sought no wreaths but those good sense bestow'd;
He scorn'd the poor stale artifice that lays
The trap of eccentricity for praise;
The quack's credentials still where dulness rules!
The coxcomb's bait to catch the fry of fools!
With candour fraught, yet free without offence,
The mildest manners, and the strongest sense;
The best example, and the brightest rule,
His lip a lesson, and his art a school,
Behold him run his radiant course, and claim
Thro' half an age an undisputed fame;
Still to the last maintain his proudest height,
Nor drop one feather in so bold a flight.
But fate at length with darker aspect frown'd,
And sent a shaft that brought him to the ground;
Struck at the joy congenial to his heart,
And shut him out the paradise of art;
Obscured at length the sky so long serene,
And cast in shades of night his closing scene.
In Leo thus, when sol refulgent reigns,
And summer fervours scorch the panting plains,
Nor mists appear, nor exhalations rise,
To dull the dazzling radiance of the skies,
Till downward verging in his course divine,
A milder lustre marks the day's decline,
Ascending slow, an earthy vapour shrouds
His parting splendours, and he sets in clouds.' *p. 259.*

The fifth canto is principally occupied in pointing out 'some of those defects in painting which operate to countenance the critic in his contempt for modern art.' The first here noticed is the vice of *manner*. Some of the lines in which this very prevalent failing is ridiculed are so good, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the passage.

'Chief, then, of *manner*, as a pest, beware,
The thoughtless student's most delusive snare;
A subtile vice, that saps by slow degrees,
The pencil's frenzy, and the art's disease;
Of quick contagion, as of tardy cure,
Nor time can sanction it, nor taste endure.
With powers perverted, vulgar, vain, and cold,
The self-admiring mannerist behold!

In all the pride of pencilling, impart
His want of nature, and his waste of art:
The scribe's poor merit still his best pretence,
He triumphs in the flourish, not the sense:
Thro' all his works one fav'rite system sways,
One touch attends him, and one tone betrays.
His soul no emulative ardour fires,
No lofty sense of excellence inspires;
In trite routine, by knack, from nature led,
The plodding hand still supersedes the head;
Pleased, in the present toil reflects the past,
And stamps the next dull ditto of the last.
Be this his praise, who thus his art degrades,
A good mechanic in the worst of trades.' *p.* 273.

The 'mechanism of the pencil,' the 'affectation of travelled artists,' the 'pursuit of nostrums and secrets' of art, the practice of disguising defects under a gaudy covering, theatrical taste, the encroachments of slovenly inattention under the pretence of facility, the contrary vice of dull precision engendered by exclusive study of the littleness of art, and lastly, the excess even of particular merits, all these quicksands in the way of the student are pointed out with care, and described with force and poignancy. Regular study, with unremitting industry and patience, under the guidance of good sense, are repeatedly insisted on as the only means of legitimate and permanent eminence.

The selection of subject forms the chief practical instruction in the art intended to be conveyed by the concluding canto—and on this topic we might, if we had room to enter on the discussion, find some grounds of difference from the author. A great deal of good advice is given with regard to the folly of disregarding the praise or censure of the public, the vanity of believing that works which are generally condemned may be calculated for the higher purpose of pleasing 'the judicious few,' the deceitful expectation of rising to sudden eminence of fame, the irritation apt to be excited by criticism, the self-complacence and indolent acquiescence too often resulting from partial flattery. The attention of government is again drawn to the subject of the arts, by a suggestion as to the propriety of rewarding living virtue and merit by the public honours of sculpture; and the return of peace is prophetically hailed as the period when princes and magistrates shall at length find leisure to consult the real glories of a nation, and the rivalry of arts shall be substituted to the pernicious emulation of enmity and destruction.

By this general survey of the design and contents of the poem, it will be sufficiently seen what a variety of objects it

embraces—objects which it is hardly attempted to reduce under fixed heads of distinction, or to introduce in regular connected order. A great deal of good information, a great deal of good advice, may be collected from various parts of the work, and much more agreeably, perhaps, than by the means of a more methodical and didactic arrangement. The author's opinions on all possible subjects connected with his art, are also enforced with a freedom which we are not disposed to consider as at all too presumptuous, even when he assumes the privilege of directing his observations to the high and mighty ones of the land. Mr. Shee appears to possess an almost unrivalled facility of composition, both in verse and prose; but he ought to have paid more attention to one of his own precepts. He should reflect, that facility is no excuse for want of correctness; and, above all, that, the more easy the task of composition, the greater is the danger of unnecessary prolixity and diffuseness. It is very quaint and affected to style architecture 'the mural muse'—and to talk about 'the genus maximum of arts.' 'Man's *ameliorating* hour' is not English—at least, it strikes us that the verb cannot admit of a neutral construction. Such lines are detestable, as,

> 'In grandeur graceful, as august in grace—'
>
> ——'Taste shall *guarantee* thy fame.'
>
> 'And not a garland blooms e'en o'er the grave'—
>
> 'Times which our *primers* teach us to revere,
> The vigorous *prime* of man's terrestrial year.'

Nor should a poet who aspires to any degree of polished excellence, admit the convenient but ungraceful abbreviations of *'mongst, 'midst, 'neath,* &c. &c. with which Mr. Shee's verses are so thickly strewed, that no gentleman, having the least regard to the durability of his teeth, can venture to read them aloud in a mixed company.

It is now time to turn our attention to the *notes*, which, as occupying by far the greatest portion of the book, ought perhaps to have been made the principal object of our animadversions. Our great and only *general* objection to them arises from the *excess* of that admirable endowment which we have already stated their author to possess in a high degree, the *ease* of composition. His thoughts flow quite freely enough for any pen of moderate excursive powers; but his own pen runs still faster; and the consequence is the production of a book of twice the dimensions which a sound discretion would have assigned as sufficient for the matter which it contains. It is no wonder that Mr. Shee was alarmed at

the unmeasurable prospect which his original plan presented, since, had he treated it with the full luxuriance of expression which he has here indulged, he might well say with St. John, "I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that would have been written.'

Independently, but notwithstanding some occasional verbiage, much excellent matter is to be found in the notes of Mr. Shee, and it is also generally conveyed in a style of great elegance, perspicuity, and force, embellished with a profuse variety of historical ornament and figurative illustration. Indeed, such is the *excess* of his propensity to this latter indulgence, that it is morally impossible he can be always successful. The following are selected, out of many, as instances of *happy* illustration which must, we think, afford very favourable impressions both of the fancy and the judgment which produced them. Examples of failure, or of inequality, are of much rarer occurrence, and we gladly excuse ourselves the trouble of quoting any.

'Notwithstanding the established conviction of criticism to the contrary, common sense will be tempted to question, whether nature has not been as liberal to her younger as to her elder offspring; whether she has not reserved for the enterprize of modern times unnumbered modes of excellence yet untried; unnumbered tracts of fancy still unexplored, whose treasures wait but to reward some daring Columbus of the intellectual ocean, who, surmounting the prejudices of his age, shall rush into regions of taste unthought of by former adventurers, and beyond the limits of the ancient world.' *p.* 99.'

'Of all the qualities of art, the sublime is that which appears to be the most vague, irregular, and undefined; scarcely two writers are agreed as to its properties or powers: for instruction, they give us declamation—for settled principles, they produce disputable examples. It may be said to be in some measure the intoxicating spirit of taste—the insane point of the critical compass; for those who talk rationally on other subjects, no sooner touch on this, than they go off in a literary delirium; fancy themselves, like Longinus, "the great sublime they draw," and rave, like methodists, of inward lights and enthusiastic emotions, which, if you cannot comprehend, you are set down as unillumined by the grace of criticism, and excluded from the elect of taste.' *p.* 193.

Speaking of the epidemic disease among painters distinguished by the technical appellation of 'process-hunting'—the seeking after tricks and novelties in colouring, which are fondly expected to supply the necessity of regular and painful art, he says of the master of the English school,

'From this disease the good sense of Reynolds did not entirely secure him; but the vigour of his genius sustained him where weaker powers would have been exhausted or destroyed. The fluctuation of his style, and the fugitive character of his colouring, which have been observed at some particular points of his practice, are, however, attributable to this cause. But though he sought assistance from process, Reynolds never depended upon it: his most faded works display a delicacy and refinement of hue, which prove the value of what has been lost, by the worth of that which remains. It may be said of Reynolds, that the ghost of his departed art is better than the flesh and blood of ordinary men.' *p.* 290.

On the subject of exhibitions of modern painting, and the emulation which it is supposed and intended that they should inspire, he observes how fatally these expectations have been deceived in experience, and adds,

'He who is more ambitious of praise than merit, will stop at no means of obtaining his object: he will glitter or glare as it may suit his purpose: he will pamper without scruple the grossest appetite of taste, and poison rather than not please it. He is a profligate in the morality of art, who studies every artifice of seduction, and debauches the public opinion in order to possess it more securely. An exhibition is the scene in which characters like this will always triumph: it is the drawing-room of taste, where superficial qualities are always the most attractive: where vanity and presumption shine in the centre of the circle, while virtue and merit are unnoticed in a corner.' *p.* 297.

—'The exhibition is to art what the stage is to manners—a scene where every thing must be extravagant to strike; the actor and the picture are equally dressed out for show, and that which at a distance appears all gold and jewels, a nearer approach proves to be cut glass and copper lace.' *p.* 301.

Some suggestions are interspersed in the work respecting the interior management of the Academy, which we should suppose may be well worthy the serious consideration of its members; but we cautiously abstain from giving any opinion where we are not qualified to act as arbitrators. The study of sculpture the author conceives to be shamefully neglected among us; and the examples which he gives of defect, arising from the ignorance of our artists in this auxiliary branch of their profession, seem sufficiently to confirm the justness of his censure. For the purpose of supplying this want, he observes, that

'The royal Academy of Arts includes painting, sculpture, and architecture. Amongst its established professors, there is one for painting, and one for architecture, but no professor of

sculpture. There seems to be no good reason why the students of this art should not be allowed the benefit of public lectures in their particular department; for although a knowledge of design must be considered the basis of sculpture as well as painting; and though, as far as this knowledge goes, the interests of the former may be supposed to be adequately provided for in the establishment of a lecturer in the latter art, yet sculpture is a pursuit of sufficient importance in itself, and sufficiently distinct in its materials and mode of operation to require and deserve the privilege of a professor, appointed for its own purposes, and to be treated with a degree of attention equal to that which is bestowed upon the two other arts of which the academy consists.' *p.* 63.

In another place he insists very warmly on the importance of architecture as a collateral study, and seems to think that the French are altogether infinitely more practised in the auxiliary arts and in the mechanism of painting than ourselves. If so, this is a just ground of rivalry, and the spirit of emulation cannot be too soon kindled or too much encouraged among us. At the same time, we have the satisfaction of reflecting that in the much more essential requisites of art our enterprising neighbours have no pretension to dispute our pre-eminence. Among them, the art of painting seems to be reduced to the principles of theatrical gesture and grimace. Our artists at least make nature their model, whatever may be the deficiencies of their execution, or of the accompanying qualifications of their pencil.

The professor of anatomy, Mr. Shee contends, ought rather to be a painter than a surgeon.

'Whatever is necessary for a painter to learn, a painter should be able to teach—no other person can do his duty for him with equal advantage, or can so judiciously select from the general irrelevancy of other studies, those things which may be suited to his purpose, and shew at once their application and their powers.' —'The penetrating science of a Sheldon or a Carlisle, which has traced and detected the mechanism of nature through the most miraculous minutiæ of animal organization, must submit with reluctance to clear away common integuments, and demonstrate muscles and bones. Such masters of dissection, teaching the alphabet of anatomy, is like Porson expatiating on a primer, or Newton explaining the multiplication table.' 69.

Mr. Shee, as we have before hinted, maintains very strongly, and, as we think, with very great soundness, as well as ability in argument, the superior claims of Raphael, over Michael Angelo, both to the first honours of the art, and to the imitation of other painters. It is well known that Sir

Joshua introduced the contrary doctrine into the English school; and perhaps at the present moment the majority of young artists look with contempt on the labours of those who do not, like themselves,

'Tear a passion to rags, following their leader as Pantaloon pursues Harlequin, through all his hair-breadth 'scapes, to meet only disappointment and disaster, in awkward struggles of agility and coarse convulsions of grimace.' *p.* 74.

As our author has observed on another occasion, the sublime is very treacherous ground to an unexperienced traveller:

'Buonaroti is a blazing star, too eccentric in its orbit to direct us safely in the navigation of art.'

With his accustomed boldness, he even ventures to question, whether, although Reynolds himself declared that, "were he to begin the world again, he would tread in the steps of that great man," we ought not to rejoice

'That the founder and father of the English school of painting took another course more suitable to his abilities, and is not now to be classed amongst the imitators of Michael Angelo.' *p.* 77.

The author next defends the strictness of the rules of perspective against the carelessness or caprice of those critics who foolishly argue from the words of Pope, that "Great wits may sometimes gloriously offend," &c. &c. If a proposition so obvious as "that nothing contrary to the rules of nature can be tolerated in art," requires illustration or support, the reader may find abundance of both in this eloquent note.

But perhaps the best examples of the originality and freedom of spirit evinced by Mr. S. throughout the whole of his work, may be drawn from the note in which he illustrates and combats the doctrines of a very fashionable sect, which discovers advantage in imperfection, and merit in deformity. It is too long for unbroken quotation—but we will endeavour to give the substance of it in the following page, and then hasten to the conclusion of our present article.

'There are two great sects in art, the members of which pursue their ends by opposite means; maintain their respective principles with equal zeal, and often indulge, like other sectaries, in the expression of mutual contempt and reprobation. Of these, the one may be termed *idealists*, the other *naturalists*. The former reject imitation entirely, as a degrading misapplication of the pencil; the latter wholly depend upon it, as the only means of merit and success. The idealist consults only the model in his mind; and triumphs in the dignified pursuit of the poetical

and the sublime. The naturalist copies closely the model in his eye, and congratulates himself on the possession of truth and nature. The school of Michael Angelo will furnish sufficient examples of the one, the school of Rembrandt abounds with examples of the other.'——'In painting, above all arts, the study of those qualities which contribute to set off our thoughts to the best advantage, is an essential duty. The eye is a fastidious sense, and turns easily from what it dislikes: the painter who prides himself on addressing the mind, should recollect, that he can gain admission there only by this entrance, and it will be in vain to urge his pretensions, or talk of his powers, if he appears without the proper passport. But sometimes, when we cannot make our practice conformable to our principles, we endeavour to make our principles conformable to our practice. Thus, they who, in the attainment of other merits, have neglected the study of chiaro 'scuro, colouring, and execution, ingeniously promulgate a law, by which their deficiency is not only excused, but applauded, and the defect of their necessity is converted into a beauty of choice. We, therefore, hear frequently of "an historical style of colouring," of a "severity of style suited to the grand character of art," and of the propriety of disregarding those minor merits of imitation, which, according to this convenient canon of criticism, are not only unnecessary, but injurious to the higher qualities of taste. As far as the author understands this doctrine, he dissents from it: he knows of no standard by which the works of art can be judged, but the standard of nature; and he conceives that there is no rational principle which can authorize us to consider as inappropriate or injudicious in those works, the perfection of any quality which she has essentially connected with the character and beauty of her productions.'——'But it is said, the qualities of colouring and chiaro 'scuro are so predominant and attractive, that where displayed in full force, they seduce our attention from the higher beauties of taste, and therefore their influence should be studiously diminished by abating their allurements, when the more chaste and intellectual merits of art are intended to be expressed. Little, however, appears to be gained by this reasoning; for the ill consequence supposed can result only from the misapplication or abuse of those captivating qualities. Every scene and subject has its appropriate character of light and colour, as well as of form and action; and when this character is judiciously preserved, the utmost effort of skill may be employed upon it, not only without injury, but with material advantage.'——'There is no subject in which an able painter may not shew with advantage his skill in colouring, chiaro 'scuro, and execution; not by repressing, but by producing the perfection of these qualities. The noblest conceptions of grandeur and sublimity may be accommodated with their appropriate beauty from those sources, as well as the most light and airy compositions of ordinary and familiar life. They who defend the unskilful colouring of

Poussin and the Roman school, as suited to the grand and sublime character of art, might as well say, that the effects of pity and terror would be heightened on the stage, if the actors were to tinge their faces with brick dust, and exhibit their scenes by the ray of a rushlight. The author must not omit to state, however, (though conscious how much it must weaken the effect of his reasoning) that the principle which he has above attempted to controvert, has found an advocate in Reynolds—in Reynolds! from whose works may be selected examples of excellence in colouring, effect, and execution, which are suited to the noblest conceptions of the art. The following passage occurs in a note to Mason's translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting: "In *heroic* subjects it will not, I hope, appear too great a refinement of criticism to say, that the want of naturalness or deception of the art, which give to an inferior style its whole value, is no material disadvantage. The Hours, for instance, as represented by Julio Romano, giving provender to the horses of the Sun, would not strike the imagination more forcibly from their being coloured with the pencil of Rubens, though he would have represented them more naturally; but might he not by that very act have brought them down from the celestial state, to the rank of mere terrestrial animals?" It will be perceived, that the doctrine advanced in this note is so cautiously stated, under the "hope of its not being deemed too great a refinement of criticism," as to excite a suspicion that Reynolds himself was not quite convinced by his own reasoning. If by "naturalness or deception of the art," the annotator intended to describe that fac-simile servility —that vulgar imitation, which, instead of the character which ought to be expressed, gives you the portrait of the model *who* (qu.?) chanced to be made use of by the painter, there would be ground for dispute; but the example by which Reynolds has illustrated his position, proves it to have a meaning more extended. Julio Romano was one of the weakest, and Rubens was one of the most powerful colourists; it is evident therefore, that, by contrasting them on this occasion, the writer wished to inculcate that the inferior colouring of the former is more appropriate to the subject above mentioned, and, by inference, to all *heroic* subjects, than the superior colouring of the latter; in other words, that a painter who had no skill in this department of the art, coloured *heroic* subjects in a manner more appropriate, that is, better, than a painter who possessed a great deal.'——'But it is said, that by representing the Hours more *naturally*, he might "bring them down from their *celestial state* to the rank of mere *terrestrial animals*." The word *naturally* is here rather vague; if it is meant to say that Rubens, by colouring the Hours with that splendour and beauty of which his pencil was capable, would "bring them down from the celestial state" in which the inferior colouring of Romano had placed them, the author can neither conceive nor admit such a consequence.'——'When the painter would represent a superior or celestial being, he can

do it only by expressing human qualities in their highest perfection. Now, as colour is a constituent of human beauty as well as form or expression, the author conceives the utmost perfection of that quality to be not only consistent with, but essential to our most complete idea of a celestial being.'——' The colouring of Rubens therefore, approaching to perfection much nearer than that of Romano, would not "have brought down the Hours from their celestial state to the rank of mere terrestrial animals;" but, on the contrary, as far as colouring is concerned, must have tended to raise them to a higher heaven than the inferior skill of Romano in this respect has been able to attain. They who have excelled in subjects of a grand and elevated character have rarely been able to combine with their other accomplishments the merits of colouring, chiaro 'scuro, and execution; but let us not, therefore, contract our ideas of excellence, in compliment to their deficiencies, nor endeavour to persuade ourselves, that we see in the imperfection of their art a principle of their science.' *p. 273, et seq.*

The sensible part of mankind have long been sickened with the pretensions of self-created connoisseurs and dilettanti, a race of animals whose affected jargon has tended only to encourage caprice, and perpetuate error in the fundamental principles of art. Few, however, have had the courage to declare so openly against their assumed authority, or so to affront them in the very entrenchments of their practice, as Mr. Shee. Happy for him, if he is sufficiently fortified by reason and experience, to despise the engines of vengeance which this genus *irritabile* are likely to play against him in return for his contempt and irony! But though we admire the independence of taste asserted by Mr. Shee (the privilege of natural freedom, which we shall ever be ready to acknowledge and support to the utmost of our abilities), we think it may be questioned if he has steered perfectly clear of the error ascribed by Horace to a class of persons among whom he is undoubtedly not deserving of being ranked—"Dum vitant *stulti* vitium, in contraria currunt." His ridicule of several affected refinements in Winckelman, and the race of sentimental coxcombs who swear by his authority, is as just as it is manly and creditable to the soundness of his judgment. But he surely carries his prejudices against the critics of painting too far, when he condemns the strong, but natural and well defined descriptions of Pliny, with jargon such as theirs. To take for an example the celebrated picture of Aristides. Cannot horror, love, and pity be combined in one expression of countenance? If not, how inadequate is painting to the office which it assumes! If it be possible to do this, then is Pliny's description (all that he can fairly be understood to mean by

his criticism) fully answered by the probable effect of the picture. In criticizing the *expression* of pictures, the *effect* which they are calculated to produce on the spectator is the only criterion of judgment. On the other hand, when, in speaking of Lord Elgin's sculptures, Mr. Shee, without instituting any comparative criticism, holds it impossible for the Theseus to rival the greatness of the Torso, we are tempted to ask, "May not prejudice lead, on the one hand, to as much error as the caprice of novelty, on the other?" And we can hardly forbear smiling when, after sneering at every order of critics and every description of criticism, Mr. Shee himself affects to arraign the prevailing taste, *in music*, for the works of Handel. This, he must confess, is (as his printer chooses to term it) going a little *ultra crepidam*. The truth is, all men of taste, genius, and sensibility, must, to a certain extent, be *critics*—and free and liberal criticism, when applied to the correction of error and the encouragement of merit, is, whatever may be Mr. Shee's opinion to the contrary, a blessing and an ornament to civilized society. Even where it is of the least service, it promotes that spirit of discussion and controversy, without which no principles can be firmly established, no merit permanently ascertained.

Mr. Shee will not, we hope, be offended at the occasional severity of our remarks, when we assure him that, though the objects of his indiscriminate censure, we entertain the highest respect for his abilities, and a yet higher admiration of his zeal in the great cause of the arts—a cause which we cordially unite with him in thinking essentially connected not only with the ostentatious glories, but with the real interests of our nation. Most triumphantly shall we hail the hour when a juster sense of the importance of this doctrine shall begin to direct the attention of government towards its due encouragement; and, if ever that æra arrives, Mr. Shee will be entitled to the warmest acknowledgments of his countrymen for having so essentially promoted its advancement.

ART. II.—*Voyages and Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt, in the Years* 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, *and* 1806. *By George, Viscount Valentia.* London, Miller, 1809. 3 *Vols.* 4to, *with* 72 *Engravings,* 9*l.* 9*s.*; *and in large Paper with Proof Plates,* 13*l.* 13*s. also* 24 *large Views taken by Mr. Salt, who accompanied Lord V., mounted and in a Port-folio,* 26 *Guineas.*

THE first thing which struck us, on opening these volumes, was the splendid costliness of the work, which almost seems

to exclaim '*Noli me tangere*' to plebeian hands. As books are written to be read, and as books of travels are peculiarly fitted to interest a large class of readers, we cannot begin this article without expressing our wish that these had been published in a less expensive style. The noble author indeed probably designed these sumptuous quartos as a memorable trophy of his spirit and his enterprize to ages yet unborn. It remains for time to disclose whether the edifice itself be formed of solid and durable materials, or whether the vanity of the architect has not in many instances caused him to lose sight of private convenience and of public utility.

On the 5th of June, 1802, Lord Valentia, accompanied by Mr. Henry Salt as his secretary and draughtsman, embarked in the Downs on board the Minerva extra East Indiaman.

On the 29th his lordship touched at the island of Madeira, where he was 'struck with the appearance of the fishermen rowing their boats in a perfect state of nakedness; and the females looking out of their windows with a nonchalance that nothing but habit could give.' August 20th, our noble author arrived in the bay of St. Helena, where he made the tour of the island. His lordship says that, in favourable seasons, the richest ground will produce 'three crops of potatoes in a year, yielding an aggregate of four hundred bushels per acre, which are worth eight shillings per bushel.' The cultivation of grain is prevented by the enormous quantity of rats. His lordship commends the slave laws of St. Helena: he says that the importation of negroes has been long discontinued, but that, since that period, their number has increased, and is increasing. This is certainly an interesting fact.

On the 20th of October, Lord Valentia arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where he made a tour into the country in one of the waggons, which are peculiarly adapted to the rugged roads of that colony. 'Our horses,' says his lordship, 'went very well at the rate of about six miles an hour; our driver managed his horses with great skill, a qualification for which the slaves in this country are remarkable: they drive eight in hand with the utmost facility, and will kill a small bird when on the wing with the lash of their long whip.' Thus we find that our fashionable *Four-in-hand Club* are inferior to the Hottentots even in the art in which alone they excel.

At this period the Cape was about to be restored to the Dutch, agreeably to the peace of Amiens. The most respectable inhabitants regretted the departure of the British, and considered themselves as destined to pass under the dominion of the French. This important settlement was, however, re-

captured by Sir David Baird, in January, 1805, and will not, we trust, be again ceded either to Holland or to France.

During the first possession of the Cape by the British, they embodied a number of Hottentots, and instructed them in the European tactics. Hence

'It has been discovered,' says Viscount Valentia, 'that they are intelligent, active, faithful, and brave; and that their former vices were owing to the Dutch, who, taking advantage of the inclination which all uncivilized nations have for spirits, had destroyed their strength by encouraging intoxication, and then degraded their minds by the most abject slavery. The cruelties exercised by the boors on these defenceless beings exceed all credibility. Brigadier-general Vandeleur assured me that he had himself pushed aside the musket of a boor, when in the act of levelling it at a Hottentot; at which the monster was extremely indignant, and, after much reproach, finished by asking him whether he meant also to prevent his shooting his slaves?'

Lord Valentia says, that there is not a finer country in the world for the production of grain than the Cape of Good Hope, but that only a small portion of the territory is yet in cultivation. His lordship adds, that every species of the grape which has been planted there has flourished, and that the only cause of the inferiority of the Cape Madeira, is the ignorance and negligence of the Dutch in making it.

On January 17th, 1803, our author descried the continent of India; and on the 20th arrived at the mouth of the Hoogly river. The navigation up the river from Sorgur to Calcutta is excessively difficult, from the intricacy of the passages between the sand-banks and the involution of the current.

'The river itself is grand, from its great body of water; but the quantity of mud which it rolls down considerably lessens its beauty. The banks are high; the country beyond is perfectly flat, and covered thickly with timber and brushwood, the haunt of innumerable tigers. To these sunderbunds the Hindoos resort at this season in immense numbers to perform their ablutions in the Ganges, and many to sacrifice themselves to the alligators, which they effect by walking into the river, and waiting till the ferocious animals approach and draw them under; others perish by the tigers every season; yet the powerful influence of superstition still draws them to this spot.'

Did his lordship derive this information from the missionaries?

The Marquis Wellesley sent one of his state barges to convey Lord Valentia to Calcutta. His lordship says that the vessel in which he embarked reminded him of the fairy tales.

'It was very long in proportion to its width, richly ornamented

with green and gold; its head, a spread eagle gilt: its stern, a tiger's head and body. The centre would contain twenty people with ease, and was covered with an awning and side curtain: forward were seated twenty natives dressed in scarlet habits, with rose-coloured turbans, who paddled away with great velocity.' 'As we advanced, the river became clearer, and the scenery was much improved by the country-seats of the English, which covered each bank; they were in themselves picturesque, being white, with extensive porticos to the south, and the windows closed by Venetian blinds painted green. Every house was surrounded by a plantation of mangos, jacks, and other oriental forest trees.'

On the 26th of January, Lord V. was present at a grand fête, which was given by the Marquis Wellesley, on occasion of the peace. A rich Persian carpet was placed at the upper end of the largest of the state-rooms, in the centre of which was a musnud of crimson and gold, which formerly composed part of Tippoo Sultaun's throne. Here Lord Wellesley was placed on a rich chair and stool of state; seats were placed for the ladies on each side of the room.

'Many of the European ladies were richly ornamented with jewels. The black dress of the male Armenians was pleasing from the variety; and the costly, though unbecoming habits of their females, together with the appearance of officers, nabobs, Persians, and natives, resembled a masquerade.'

Lord Valentia says that,

'He (Marquis Wellesley) gave me a general invitation to his table both in town and country; and observed that, although strictly speaking, no rank was known in India, except in official situations, yet *he should certainly give me the precedence of every body*, except the immediate members of the executive government.'

This mark of distinction might have been very gratifying to the noble author at the time, but we can see no reason why he should have noticed it in his travels, except he intended to give the reader an insight into the vanity of his character. Lord V. seems very fond of calling the attention of the reader to the ceremonial homage which he experienced from the various *great* men whom he met on his extensive route. These different details occupy, altogether, a pretty large portion of the work; and their general effect is rather to tire and to disgust, than to interest, to amuse, or to instruct. He who travels, and who thinks it worth while to publish his travels, must reasonably be supposed to do it because he has some novel, some useful, or entertaining information to communicate. And it is his duty, as far as he consults the public advantage

and his interest, as far as he regards the well-earned celebrity of authorship, to confine himself strictly to such topics as may answer these purposes, without any impertinent digressions which have no relation to the main object of the work, or any superfluous relations which owe their origin merely to the personal or the selfish feelings of the individual.

Lord Valentia proceeded by water to within four miles of Hoogly, when he got into his palanquin. 'In a little more than an hour,' says he, 'I arrived at Mr. Brooks', *who had not sent his carriage, for the best of all possible reasons, because it was broken.*' This is another of the many specimens of minutiæ which ought never to have been suffered to disfigure these three splendid quartos. Had Lord Valentia been a boarding-school miss, we should naturally have expected to find the narrative constantly suspended by these idle interruptions. The imbecility of the writer might have powerfully pleaded for the frequent indulgence of feminine conceit; but a similar excuse cannot be admitted in the travels of a British peer, in which we expect to find the consciousness of his own dignity raising him above the mention of such petty circumstances as are fit to arrest the attention only of the most frivolous and vain.

Our noble traveller prosecutes his journey to Benares by the old road through the populous cities of Bengal. He intended to travel during the night, and to halt in the day, as the scenery in Bengal is uninteresting, from the uniform flatness of the country. 'For each palanquin were required eight bearers, which formed a complete change; we had also three mussal or link-boys to carry our luggage.' Burhampore, through which the route of our traveller lay, is the residence of the present Nawaub of Bengal, Naussir ool Moolk, and also of the celebrated old Munny Begum, over whom Mr. Burke strewed all the gay blossoms of his rhetoric. Jungepore is the greatest station for silk in the possession of the East India Company, though Cossimbuzar nominally takes the lead.

They have several kinds of silk-worm in the country; one, which is supposed to be indigenous, is called the docey, which produces eight harvests; the China, or Madras is reckoned the worst.

Early in the morning of February 26, Lord V. came in sight of Rajamahall, on the banks of the Ganges, which he now beheld for the first time. Soceligully was the last halt which our author made in the province of Bengal. The roads had hitherto been very indifferent, and in many places not sufficiently wide to let his palanquin pass without difficulty.

'During the full power of the house of Timour,' says his lordship, 'they made magnificent causeways from one end of their dominions to the other, and planted trees on the sides to shelter travellers from the sun;'

but this example, which indicates equal wisdom and humanity, has not been followed by the present sovereigns of Hindostan. The improvement of the country is deemed an inferior consideration to a large investment and an increase of dividend. Though we have little doubt that India is in general benefited by the sovereignty of the English, yet in all foreign sovereignty the interests of the people will in too many instances be sacrificed to the mercenary calculations of individuals, who are more anxious to return home with a large property, than to leave behind them lasting monuments of their justice and philanthropy.

'The farther you go north in Hindostan proper,' says his lordship, 'the better is the country. The chief produce is opium, which is now become a most important article, not only on account of the profit which the monopoly brings to the East India Company, but also from the great demand for this intoxicating drug in China. The importation is not permitted by the Chinese government; but the attachment of the people to it is so great, that they are obliged to connive at its being smuggled into the country. The demand is increasing, which is fortunate, as hitherto the Chinese have considered the British trade, which only brought them bullion, an article which they did not want, as of less importance than the Russian, which gave them in exchange for their tea, furs, which they required for a convenience, as well as luxury. They are now dependent on India for what is becoming a necessary article. The non-importation would probably excite a rebellion.'

On the 4th of March Lord Valentia went to view the town of Patna. 'It is one continued street the whole way, and the population appears to be very great. The houses in general are of mud, and there are few remains that indicate the capital of Bahar.' Patna is supposed to be the ancient Palibothra. In the route between Patna and Bahar, after passing the Soane, our traveller 'observed the Gossypium, or cotton plant, and the Ricinus Communis, whose berry yields the castor oil, of which, singular as it may appear, till lately the India Company were so uninformed, as to send that medicine from Europe.' 'The wheat harvest was now (March 6th) commenced, and the whole population of the villages was poured out into the fields. The men and boys were reaping, and the women and children were, as in Europe, leasing after them.'

Lord Valentia reached Benares on the 7th of March. He found the climate very different from that of Calcutta. Fires had been used but a few days before his arrival, and the nights even at this time were rather cold. Mr. Neave, the senior judge of circuits and appeal, and agent to the governor general, attended Lord Valentia in his visit to the princes, sons of Mirza Jewan Bukht Iehander Shah, and to his widow Kutluc Sultaun Begum.

'As I approached the palace,' says the noble author, 'I found the guards drawn out to receive me, compared to whom Falstaff's recruits were gentlemen. It was intended to do me honour, and I felt the compliment. We here quitted our palanquins, and perceived the prince in the Dewan Khanah, waiting our approach. It is a small room, elevated a few feet above the ground, open on three sides, and supported by pillars; on the fourth a purdah* was stretched across, behind which was seated his mother. He advanced to the head of the steps, followed by his three sons. He there embraced me three times, and taking hold of my left hand, led me to a small couch close to the purdah, and seated me on his right hand, in fact between his mother and himself, though she was invisible. I instantly presented to her a nazur of nineteen gold mohurs, in a white handkerchief. I handed them through a hole in the purdah, which being tolerably large, I contrived to get a peep at the old lady, who was little and rather fair: her hands were very delicate. I should have preferred the view of some of the owners of fine black eyes that I saw playing at hide and seek through the different holes; but it was impossible. I then delivered to him a nazur of nine gold mohurs in a similar manner.'

There is something very affecting in the fallen fortunes of the house of Timour. The head of the family had his eyes put out by one of his subjects, while 'his family owed their bread to the benevolence of a nation on which they had no claim.'

Benares is a very holy city, to which the devout repair to perform their sacrifices and ablutions.

'The number of temples to the different deities is great; but the chief worship is of Vishnou, Maha-deva, and their wives. It takes about fifteen days to go through the whole business of praying and making offerings of fruit to each, accompanied, of course, with money to the priests. On the first day the pilgrim washes in the holy well of Munkernika; afterwards, each day in the Ganges.'

The streets in Benares are so extremely narrow, that Lord

* A curtain, usually of cloth, which, when let down, serves as a door.

V. says, 'it was with difficul y I prevented my horse from touching the sides.'

'The number of stone and brick houses from one to six stories high is upwards of 12 000; the mud houses, upwards of 16,000. The permanent inhabitants are upwards of 38,000, besides the attendants of the three princes, and several other foreigners, who may amount to near 3,000; but the concourse during some of the festivals is beyond all calculation. The Mahomedans are not one in ten.'

When Lord V. ascended the roof of the mosque which was built by Aurungzebe to mortify the Hindoos, he saw thousands of inhabitants bathing in the waters of the Ganges. Lord V. gives the following description of Benares, as it appears from the water:

'The river forms here a very fine sweep of about four miles in length. On the external side of the curve, which is constantly the most elevated, is situated the holy city of Benares. It is covered with buildings to the water's edge; and the opposite shore, being, as usual, extremely level, the whole may be beheld at once. From passing through the streets, or even from viewing it from the minars, I could have formed no conception of its beauty. Innumerable pagodas of every size and shape occupy the bank, and even have encroached on the river. Uniformly built of stone, and of the most solid workmanship, they are able to resist the torrents which in the rainy season beat against them. Several are painted, others gilded, and some remain of the colour of the stone. They generally have domes, often finished with the trident of Maha-deva. Gants are very frequent for the convenience of ablution; and wherever the houses approach the river, they are necessarily built thirty feet high, of large stones, before they reach the level of the street above. The contrast between those elevated masses of solid masonry, and the light domes of the pagodas, is singular and pleasing. Trees occasionally overhang the walls, and the thousands of people constantly either bathing or washing linen in the water, add not a little to this most extraordinary scene.'

From Benares Lord V. proceeds to Juanpore, where he saw the bridge built by the emperor Acbar, over the Goomty river, which is considered by the natives as one of the wonders of India. On the 19th of March our traveller passed the boundaries of the East India Company's territory, and entered that of the Nawaub Vizier. The change was, he says, apparent in the face of the country, as the tyranny of the government had diminished the quantity of land in cultivation. We shall not describe the noble author's reception at the palace of the Nawaub, at Lucknow, '*who embraced me as*

his equal.' The Nawaub very graciously returned the visit of his lordship, and breakfasted with him. After the departure of his excellency, Lord V. found that 'a few silver spoons was all that was missing,' which had been purloined by the followers of the Nawaub.

Lord V. was indulged with the use of one of the hummaums, or hot baths, of the Nawaub. The hummaum consisted of two rooms, heated by flues under the floor. After undressing and wrapping a piece of red linen round his middle, his lordship proceeded to the second room, where the heat was so great, as at first to take away his breath. His lordship was laid on the floor, when eight attendants rubbed his feet with pumice stone, kneaded all his limbs, and wiped him with mohair-bags till they had cleansed every pore.

'I next was rubbed,' says his lordship, 'with a composition of cl-y, and then perfumed with oil, both of which were sent by his excellency, with every article of silver, basins, &c. as used by himself. The hair was cleaned with a composition of flour and other substances. At length I leaped into one of the marble basins (of which there were two in the room), and having thoroughly washed myself, came out, and was covered with hot cloths of a very fine texture, and with borders of gold. I returned to the next room, which felt much cooler, and gradually prepared me for the open air.'

We agree with his lordship on the salutary powers of the hot bath, the use of which is so prevalent throughout the east.

When Lord Valentia dined at the Nawaub's, he says that Mrs. —— and Mrs. —— came with their husbands; on which he remarks,

'Nothing can be so highly disgusting as to see women mixing in society with Mahomedans, it is so contrary to the principles of the latter, who can only have a contempt for them, and consider them as on a level with the Nautch girls. This was pretty plainly exemplified in the course of the day, for Mrs. —— having seated herself next the general, he drew back his chair, and desired she would not come so near to him. She had the impudence (imprudence?) to ask him several questions about his wife, to which he only replied by begging her not to talk so improperly.'

The following is a curious account of a tiger-fight which was exhibited by the Nawaub:

'A space of about fifty feet square had been fenced off on the plain, between the Dowlat Khanah and the river, in front of the Sungi Baraderi, a building open in the Asiatic style, raised about twenty feet from the ground, and which is occasionally used as a

breakfast or banqueting room. It formed one side of the square already mentioned, and was covered with a lattice-work of bamboos, several feet high, lest the tiger, by a violent spring, should make his way amongst us—a circumstance that, on a former occasion, nearly occurred. On the three other sides was a lattice-work of bamboos, sustained by very strong pillars of timber driven firmly into the ground, perfectly securing the crowd on the outside from danger. The tiger was in a small cage on the side, from which he was driven by fireworks. He took several turns round the area, and eyed us most accurately. A buffalo was now driven in, on which he quickly retired to one corner: the other watched him, but did not seem inclined to commence the attack. By fireworks the tiger was several times obliged to move, when the buffalo invariably advanced a little towards him; but on his lying down, stopped and eyed him for some time. Seven other buffaloes were now introduced, but, with all our excitements, we could not induce either party to commence the attack. A dog was thrown into the area by some one. He retreated into a corner, into which the tiger also was soon driven by the fireworks; but, on the little animal's snarling at him, he quickly retired to another corner. The Nawaub then sent for an elephant. The first approach of this beast caused the tiger to give a cry of terror, and to shrink into a corner, where by a spring he attempted to leap over the fence. In this he failed; and the elephant, approaching by direction of his rider, attempted to throw himself on his knees on the tiger. This the latter avoided, and immediately ran to another place. All the exertions of the mohout could not induce the elephant to make a second attack; but advancing to the gate, he began to push against it, and soon made his way good. The tiger did not attempt to take advantage of the opening, but lay panting in a corner. A second elephant was now introduced, who immediately rushed towards the tiger, and made a kneel at him. The tiger, however, sprang on his forehead, where he fixed by his teeth and claws, till the animal raising his head, with a violent jirk, dashed him on the ground, so completely bruised that he was not able to rise. The elephant did not choose to-day to complete his victory; but rushing against the side of the enclosure, with his tusks raised up the whole frame-work of timber and bamboos, with a great number of people on it. The alarm was great, and they scrambled off as soon as possible. The elephant made his way through, fortunately hurting no one; and the tiger was too much exhausted to follow.'

Lord V. remained four months at Lucknow. He departed on the 26th of July, with a retinue of no less than 167 persons, besides 120 sepoys and followers, and 20 horse, which joined him on his way. His tents, which amounted to twenty, were

'Carried on hackerys* covered with a thatch of reeds, each drawn

* A kind of cart.

by four bullocks with proper servants to pitch them and to take them down.'

His lordship proceeded through Futty Gunge and Cansouge, where he inspected the ruins of the ancient capital of Hindostan, to Furruckabad. The dominions of the Nawaub of Furruckabad are said to have been a receptacle of robbers, who from this resort plundered the whole country, till the present Nawaub, on the urgent representations of Mr. Wellesley, ceded his territories to the British, on the condition of receiving a compensation in money, amounting to 9,000 rupees per month, with pensions to several of his people, and the possession of some villages and lands. Lord V. says, that since the police of the British has been established in this country, not a single murder has been committed. On his lordship's arrival at Mukhunpore, on the 1st of September, he was amused by dancers on the tight and slack rope, and feats of strength and agility equal to any thing which he ever beheld in Europe. He visited the mosque, 'in front of which is a fountain and two prodigious boilers, where a constant miracle is performed: for, if unholy rice is put into them, they still continue empty.' Great multitudes were at this time assembling at Mukhunpore, in order to be present at the approaching fair. His lordship 'saw a fellow with snakes and a mangose; the latter in about two minutes killed three of the former, in despite of their twisting round him.' When the noble author left Mukhunpore for Poorah, he was astonished by the crowd he met going to the fair, 'which was as great as in London streets; and afterwards some party or other was always in sight.' When Lord V. arrived at Cawnpore, he discharged most of his servants that were hired at Lucknow, and proceeded by water down the Ganges. He left Cawnpore on the 6th of September. At Moorshadabad, Lord Valentia, who had previously paid his respects to the Nawaub, received a visit from him in return. His highness made a very splendid appearance, and displayed a serpaish* in his turban, in which was one of the largest emeralds his lordship ever saw, with other jewels of great value; but we are informed that these valuable ornaments were 'only taken out of pawn for the occasion, and that the people who had them in pledge were present to watch and receive them again on his departure.'

In the fifth chapter of his first volume, Lord Valentia gives an account of Calcutta, of the state of society, mode of living, &c. &c. in the capital of British India. His lordship estimates the population of this city at 700,000. 'The most remark-

* Ornament of jewels for the head.

able sight of the kind I ever beheld,' says he, 'was the throng that fills these streets in an evening. I drove for three miles through them, without finding a single opening, except what was made by the servants preceding the carriage. The Strand in London exhibits nothing equal to it, for the middle is here as much crowded as the sides.' The air of Calcutta is rendered insalubrious by the closeness of the jungles around it. 'The country is a perfect flat, every where intersected with nullahs and here and there a small lake.' Lord Wellesley made one or two wide roads through the middle, which are said to have rendered the atmosphere less noxious. 'The marshes,' says his lordship, 'should, if possible, be drained; this would improve the roads, which in general are very bad, impeding the conveyance of provisions to market.' Consumptions are very frequent among the ladies, which the noble author attributes to the incessant dancing even during the hottest months.

'The society of Calcutta is numerous and gay;' there is a superabundance of convivial hospitality; but the quiet comfort of the domestic circle, which is so much prized by the virtuous and the wise in this country, seems a stranger to the British settlements in general in the east.

'It is usual in Calcutta to rise early, in order to enjoy the cool air of the morning, which is particularly pleasant before sunrise. At twelve they take a hot meal, which they call tiffing, and then generally go to bed for two or three hours. The dinner hour is commonly between seven and eight, which is certainly too late in this hot climate, as it prevents any evening ride at the proper time, and keeps them up till midnight or later. The viands are excellent, and served in great profusion, to the no small satisfaction of the birds and beasts of prey, to whose share a considerable proportion of the remains fall; for the lower order of the Portuguese, to whom alone they would be serviceable, cannot consume the whole; and the religious prejudices of the native servants prevent them from touching any thing that is not dressed by their own cast. To this circumstance is to be attributed the amazing flocks of crows and kites, which, undisturbed by man, live together in amicable society, and almost cover the houses and gardens. In their profession of scavengers, the kites and crows are assisted during the day by the adjutant bird, and at night by foxes, jackals, and hyenas, from the neighbouring jungles.'

'The usual mode of travelling is by palanquins, but most gentlemen have carriages adapted to the climate, and horses, of which the breed is much improved of late years. It is universally the custom to drive out between sunset and dinner. The mussalchees, when it grows dark, go out to meet their masters

on their return, and run before them at the rate of full eight miles an hour, and the numerous lights moving along the esplanade produce a singular and pleasing effect.'

The following circumstance deserves peculiar consideration from those who are at all interested in the future fortunes of our empire in the east.

'The most rapidly accumulating evil of Bengal, is the increase of half cast children. They are forming the first step to colonization, by creating a link of union between the English and the natives.'——'Their increase in India is beyond calculation; and though possibly there may be nothing to fear from the sloth of the Hindoos, and the rapidly declining consequence of the Mussulmauns, yet it may be justly apprehended that this tribe may hereafter become too powerful for controul. Although they are not permitted to hold offices under the company, yet they act as clerks in almost every mercantile house, and many of them are annually sent to England to receive the benefit of an European education. With numbers in their favour, with a close relationship to the natives, and without an equal proportion of that pusillanimity and indolence, which is natural to them, what may not in time be dreaded from them?'

His lordship then suggests a precaution against the impending evil, which we believe is impossible to be put in execution.

'In this capital of the mercantile empire of Great Britain, there is said to be only one church belonging to the establishment, and this neither conspicuous for size nor ornament. His lordship remarks with apparent regret, that all British India does not exhibit one episcopal see. He does not, however, seem to favour the large establishment which has been so zealously recommended by the interested expectancy of the Rev. Dr. Buchanan. Lord V. considers the attempts of the missionaries to convert the Hindoos to be highly perilous and totally impracticable.

'Although,' says his lordship, 'the Hindoos have adopted from us various improvements in their manufacture of salt-petre, opium, and indigo, and have made rapid advances in the knowledge of ship-building, practical mathematics, and navigation; yet none of these acquirements have interfered with their religious prejudices. The instant these are touched, they fly off from all approximation to their masters, and an end is put to further advancement. Nothing is therefore more to be avoided than alarming their jealousy on this head, and exerting the suspicion that government means, in any manner, to interfere in the business of proselyting. The Brahmins are a very powerful body; they are both *an hereditary nobility* and *a reigning hierarchy*, looked up to with the highest veneration by the inferior casts,

and possessed of the most distinguishing privileges. They will consequently oppose with their whole influence any attempt to subvert that system, upon which all their superiority depends. *They have already taken alarm at the proceedings of the missionaries in Bengal and other parts;* and if driven to extremities, will doubtless excite a formidable insurrection to our government among the natives.'

Lord Valentia maintains, in opposition to the Rev. Dr. Buchanan and other votaries of methodism, that, if the Hindoos were to become christians, they would not become better subjects to the British dominion.

'At present the Hindoo is irrevocably bound by the law of cast, to continue in that situation in life to which he is born, and no exertion of talent can raise him one step beyond it: he therefore looks with perfect apathy on the political intrigues of the higher orders, and dreads a revolution, as productive of great personal distress, and as putting to hazard his life and little property. But were the path of ambition laid open to him by that equalization which would be the consequence of the destruction of casts, and the general reception of christianity, talents would have their free career, and every man of spirit would consider himself as the establisher of his own fortune. Is it credible then, that in such an event, so many millions of natives would submit to be governed by a few thousand Europeans, to whom they would feel no natural attachment, or obligation of allegiance?'

On the 6th of December our noble traveller took his 'passage in the Olive, Captain Mathews, going with rice to Columbo.' On the 18th of December he landed at Point de Galle, in Ceylon. His lordship proceeded in his palanquin through Bentotte to Columbo. Bentotte is forty miles distant from Point de Galle.

'The road never quitted the shore, and wound along the bays, occasionally ascending and descending through the groves of cocoa-nut trees. The surface of the ground was covered by the convolvulus pes-caprae, with its large and beautiful purple flowers. The jungle was loaded with creepers, amongst which the most common and most splendid was the gloriosa superba. The cinnamon I occasionally observed, and many other plants, of which I had seen specimens in Europe; but those to which I was a stranger were vastly more numerous. The whole vegetation is infinitely more luxuriant than in Bengal, and forms the richest field for a botanist I ever beheld, except the Cape of Good Hope.'

When his lordship arrived at the river, Mr. North had given orders for such attentions to be paid him, that in the boat in which he was transported across the stream, he was 'honour-

ed with *an awning of white cloth, and a chair covered with the same; a mark of distinction reserved for his excellency and the king of Candy.*' This *honourable distinction* of a *white cloth awning*, instead of one of any other colour, must have been highly gratifying to his lordship; and the mention of it is very edifying to the reader.

Our noble traveller arrived at Columbo on the 22d of December, where he experienced a most kind and friendly reception from Mr. North. There is something singular in the political state of Ceylon. The whole of the coast is in possession of the Europeans. The king of the country, whose capital is at Candy, in the centre of the island, is so hemmed in by these new settlers, that he has been obliged to ask their permission even for bringing over from the Malabar coast, a wife of his own cast, which, by the laws of his religion, he is obliged to do. On the other hand, the Europeans, confined to their narrow slip of coast, have been debarred from all access to the interior, and from any other intermediate communication with each other, than by the sea or along the shore.

'The Cingalese are distributed into many casts, and subdivisions of casts. Of these the first is that of the Vellulas, or cultivators of the land; from the two superior classes, of which are chosen the modeliars, and principal native officers of the government: from the inferior, the lower officers, and lascaryns or militia men. The cast of fishermen is numerous and powerful, but the Mahomedans also carry on that occupation. The other casts are distinguished by their several trades, which they follow exclusively: thus the washermen only wash clothes, and the barbers only shave; and upon a late quarrel between these two casts, the washermen remained unshaven, and the barbers in their foul clothes, till Mr. North, disgusted with their appearance, mediated a peace between them.'

'The higher casts are extremely jealous of their privileges, and severely punish those of the lower casts who presume to usurp them. A man who ventured to cover his house with tiles, without being entitled to that distinction, had it pulled down to the ground by the orders of his superior; and a poor taylor, whose love of finery led him to be married in a scarlet jacket, was nearly killed at the church door.'

Lord Valentia left Columbo on January 14, 1804, and proceeded along the coast to Putlam, through a more wild country than that between Galle and Columbo. At Putlam he hired four boats, and after landing at Manaar and Ramiseram, he disembarked on the continent of India on the 25th of January, when he set off for Ramnad. On the 30th of

January we find our noble traveller at Tanjore, which is one hundred and twenty-one miles distant from Ramnad.

'Being,' says Lord V. 'the first nobleman that ever visited Tanjore, the Rajah was much pleased with the idea of receiving me. He acceded to every proposal of Captain Blackburns, as to the etiquette to be observed in our meeting, and *it was settled that we should visit as equals.*'

His lordship says, that the Hindoo religion does not retain so much power or splendour any where as on the coast of Coromandel.

'As the Mussulmaun conquests were never permanent here, the places of worship remain in their original state, and their vast endowments are untouched. In almost every village is a pagoda with its lofty gateways of massive and not inelegant architecture, where a great number of Brahmins are maintained either by the revenues formerly established, or by an allowance from the government. The great roads which lead to these holy places are lined with choultries, built for the accommodation of the pilgrims, where frequently Brahmins attend to relieve their wants.'

Lord Valentia stopped in his way from Tanjore to Madras, at Mr. Harris's, at Camboconam, the ancient capital of Tanjore. He arrived at Pondicherry on the 3d of February. 'Pondicherry, once the most splendid city in the east, and the capital of the French when they held the larger part of the Carnatic, has never recovered its destruction in 1761.' But, notwithstanding the devastations which this city has experienced, Lord Valentia says that Pondicherry is still the handsomest town except Calcutta, which he has seen in India. The French territory of Pondicherry comprehended not more than five miles of sea coast, and contained only twenty-five thousand inhabitants. But after the peace of Amiens, Buonaparte seemed determined to restore the former splendour of Pondicherry, and the power of the French in India, for he dispatched a sumptuous establishment under Captain-general de Caen, consisting of seven generals, a proportionate number of inferior officers, and fourteen hundred regular troops, with a body guard of eighty light horse. His lordship truly remarks, that

'Such a number of generals and officers must have been intended for a wider field than the little territory of Pondicherry. When they were sent from France, the power of Perron was at its height in the upper provinces, and the original founder of that power was with Buonaparte, to point out the most eligible method of undermining the British influence in India.'

Lord Valentia remained at Madras from February 8th to the 23d; but he has inserted no details respecting this place which are likely either to interest or amuse. On the 23d he set off for Conjeveram, whence he proceeded to Vellore. The fort of Vellore, which was chosen for the confinement of Tippoo's children, is surrounded by a deep and wide ditch, cut out of the solid rock.

'In addition to the usual defence, the ditch is filled with alligators of a very large size. With these, a serjeant of the Scotch brigade engaged in battle for a small wager. He entered the water, and was several times drawn under by the ferocious animals. He, however, escaped at last, with several severe wounds.' 'There are in all twelve sons and eight daughters of Tippoo's. Futty Hyder, the eldest, but illegitimate son, has twelve or fourteen children. He, as well as his three next brothers, have 50,000 rupees each per annum; a much larger sum than he really received during his father's life time, though he was nominally in possession of a large jaghire.' 'Futty Hyder conducts himself with the utmost propriety, as indeed do all of them, except Sultan Moiz-ud-Deen, the eldest legitimate son, who gives Major Marriott a great deal of trouble by his misconduct. He spends all the money he can procure in buying dancing-girls, runs in debt, and even lately murdered a female who had been employed in the harem as a servant!' 'The females are nearly eight hundred in number, including several of Hyder's. Those of rank, have each a separate room and a small allowance of pocket money; but the whole harem is supplied with provisions as in the time of Tippoo. In order that they might be able to converse with Major Marriott, who had the whole arrangement of their affairs, without a breach of Mussulmaun propriety, they adopted him into the family, and consequently call him brother. He assures me that they are happy and satisfied.' 'They come from different parts of the world, and each furnishes her apartment according to the fashion of her own country. Major Marriot has, therefore, the singular knowledge of the manners of the harems of Persia, Delhi, and of many other Mussulmaun kingdoms.'

Since Lord Valentia visited Vellore, the massacre which happened in that place on the 10th of July, 1806, has occasioned the removal of all the males of Tippoo's family to Calcutta. Nothing can show more clearly than this massacre, the necessity of a scrupulous attention to the prejudices of the Hindoos. The family of Tippoo at Vellore could have created no animosity to the British, if the absurd attempt to alter the form of an accustomed turban for one that looked 'prettier on parade,' had not shocked the prejudices and inflamed the resentment of the Sepoys.

Our noble traveller passed through Bangalore, and reached Seringapatam on the 29th of February; but we have noticed few particulars in his description of that capital which we have not previously detailed in our account of Dr. Buchanan's journey through the Mysore, &c. &c. in the C. R. for February, 1808.

'The inner ditch and rampart have been wholly destroyed, except in the spot where the wall gave a passage to the soldiers; that I was happy to find preserved as a memorial of their courage. It is a singular circumstance, that the besiegers had no idea of the existence of such a ditch and inner wall, till the storm took place, though they had native spies constantly in the place. The gateway in which Tippoo fell has been destroyed, with the inner work; a road is formed in its stead, with trees planted on each side, which will ultimately add much to the beauty of the town. It is still unknown who gave the fatal wound to the sultaun: the invaluable string of pearls which he wore round his neck was the prize of the soldier, but it has never been produced or traced. He had been many years collecting this; always taking off an inferior pearl, when he could purchase one of more value.'

'Seringapatam is much inferior to any capital which I have visited in India: the palaces of the sultaun have neither the imposing massive dignity of the Hindoo architecture, nor the light airy elegance of the Mussulmaun buildings at Lucknow. The public apartments of Tippoo were handsome, but those of Hyder were plain in the extreme. The zenanas of both were extremely bad. They consisted each of a quadrangular building, two stories high, with verandahs all around, opening into the centre. Some of the pillars were large, but unornamented, and the pillars were of wood. I had seen several gentlemen who had entered them immediately after they were quitted by the females, and they assured me that they were then in as dirty a state as I now found them. The lamps had been placed in niches in the walls, and the oil from each had been permitted to run down to the floor, forming a black stripe the whole way; and the wooden pillars in the largest rooms and in the verandahs had lost their colour by grease and dirt. How different from the descriptions which eastern tales have given us of these secluded apartments! In another respect they seem to have been more faithfully described; for it was evident the females here confined had conceived a most vehement desire to view at least the forbidden males. The two zenanas of Tippoo and Hyder joined and had a communication with each other. On each side was a palace of one of these princes. In the front was an entrance from the public square, where the troops exercised, well secured and guarded by eunuchs; yet in the wall above were discovered numerous holes, from which the prisoners could behold all that passed without, which at least afforded more variety than the monotonous routine of the interior.'

After destroying the power of the sultaun, the English reinstated the Hindoo dynasty, which Tippoo had deposed. The present Rajah of Mysore, who owes his throne to British generosity, was, when seen by Lord Valentia, about eleven years old. 'He seemed lively,' says his lordship, 'but on such a public occasion it would have been indecorous to have even smiled. He did so once, but was immediately checked by a person who stood by him.' To the questions which were asked by Lord V. he returned prompt and sensible answers.

Lord Valentia had dispatched Mr. Salt from Madras, to take views of the falls of the Cauveri, &c. His lordship has inserted part of Mr. Salt's journal in the first volume, from which we extract that ingenious artist's description of the pagoda at Conjeveram.

'The principal entrance to the great pagoda is very lofty, and resembles much in its shape and ornaments that at Tanjore. On the left, after passing through it, was a large edifice like a choultry, containing, as the Brahmins assert, and which appears probable from its great extent, a thousand pillars; many of these were handsomely and curiously carved with figures of Hindoo deities, some of which had a kind of halo or glory round their heads. Several of the groups were composed with more skill than usual, particularly one representing the alarm of a child, whom a Brahmin is tying to the altar of Mahadeo. The sides of the steps leading up to it were formed by two well-carved elephants drawing a car. An elevated musnud occupied the centre. Opposite to this building was a tank, and several small pagodas: the side of one of them was covered with ancient and unknown characters, similar to those at the seven pagodas. On another were carved in relief, some curious designs in compartments, two of which I sketched: the first is a species of centaur striking a bell over an altar, and the second represents Rama in the act of drawing his bow, which is of singular construction, with Hunimaun seated. The second court or inner square, being considered as holy, I was not admitted into it. This temple is dedicated to Seva. I afterwards ascended by seven flights of steps to the top of the large gateway; the view from it was extremely fine, consisting of extensive woods, intersected by a large sheet of water, with numerous pagodas rising among the trees, and a magnificent range of retiring mountains in the distance.'

The following is Mr. Salt's description of the waterfall at Seva Summoodra,

'I had heard so much at Madras of this waterfall, from persons who had seen it in the rainy season, that I was, on approaching it, considerably disappointed. It falls indeed from a very

great height, certainly upwards of one hundred and fifty feet, but the body of water is not sufficient at this season to make it grand. It is precipitated down in four channels, from an apparently level surface above; and its fall is broken by numerous projecting rocks, the largest of which are near the centre, almost dividing it into two stages. In the rainy season it must be astonishingly grand, as there are many channels, now dry, through which the water must then rush with tremendous force, since huge masses have been torn up, and such marks of desolation spread around, that even in the absence of the torrent, they appear exceedingly awful. The accompanying scenery is wild in the extreme, though the magnitude of the rocks makes the trees on the hill opposite, which is singularly smooth for its situation, look very diminutive. After traversing the bank, and viewing it from several points, I descended into one of the deepest of the chasms; and having taken the accompanying and several other views of the fall, undisturbed by the tigers, which are reported to be very numerous in the neighbourhood, returned to a small choultry above.'

Lord Valentia, in his way from Seringapatam to Mangalore, passed the Besseley Gaut, of which Mr. Salt has given a beautiful view, and his lordship a perspicuous description.

'The road has been formed with great labour out of a bed of loose rock, over which the torrents in winter had run with such force, as to wash away all the softer parts, and in several places to leave single rocks, of four or five feet diameter, standing in the centre of the road, not above two feet asunder. To get the palanquin over these was a tedious and difficult business; however, it escaped uninjured. The boys were obliged to use sticks with iron spikes at the ends, to prevent themselves from being thrown forward by the weight of the palanquin, though I walked the whole way, not only to relieve them, but to admire the sublimity of the scene. We had entered a forest of the largest trees of the east, several of which were one hundred feet in the stem, before a single branch extended; yet the descent was so steep that I was frequently on a level with their tops at so small a distance as to be able to distinguish them by the gleam of the numerous torches which accompanied me, but which were insufficient to enlighten the impenetrable canopy of foliage that for miles concealed the face of heaven, or the deep gloom of the abyss into which we seemed to be descending.'

Mangalore was the only sea-port in the dominions of Tippoo, though the depth of water on the bar is sufficient only for small vessels. The harbour itself is deep and of considerable extent. The present trade is tenfold what it was under the Mussulmaun government. Two rivers, which rise in the hills, flow into the ocean at Mangalore, and serve, during the rainy

season, to bring down the lofty timber that has been felled during the dry. Lord V. saw some spars which were ninety feet in length. The shallowness of the bar prevents Mangalore from becoming a great naval station, for it would be otherwise well qualified. Here are magazines for the sandal-wood, which grows on the hills of the Mysore; it is sometimes only three inches in diameter, and rarely exceeds a foot. It is chiefly exported to China, where the inhabitants burn it on certain festivals, before the images of their ancestors.

Here we shall take our leave of his lordship for the present month, but shall probably pay our respects to his second quarto in the succeeding number of the C. R.

ART. III.—*A Biographical Peerage of the Empire of Great Britain, in which are Memoirs and Characters of the most celebrated Persons of each Family. Vols. I. and II. The arms engraved on wood.* London. Mawman, Johnson, Nichols, &c. &c. 1808, 12*mo.*

THE editor of this work states its object to be

'to give a rational account of the peerage of the empire. All prolix details, all the tiresome minutiæ of genealogy have been avoided, while the prominent members of every family have been recorded in such colours, as are justified by impartiality and truth. No sacrifice has been made to flattery; and not the exaltation of individuals, but the integrity of biography and history, has been regarded.'—'Characters have been more the author's aim, than details of facts. For this purpose the three historians, whose works have been most used, are Clarendon, Burnet, and Coxe.'—'As to the slight and hasty characters which the compiler has had occasion to draw himself, they are such as an eye and ear, long open to what has been passing in the living world, have dictated; and whatever opposition they may encounter from individual or political prejudice, he can confidently say, they are written with honesty, and, he trusts, with candour.'

One of these we shall present to our readers, which, as the author is a decided Pittite in his political sentiments, will evince that his claim to be considered as an honest and candid writer, is not without foundation.

'*Thomas Erskine, Lord Erskine,* 1806;

'A man whose splendid career at the bar is familiar to the nation. He is younger brother of David, Earl of Buchan, of an illustrious Scotch family. He originally embraced the military profession; but left it young, for a sphere for which his brilliant

talents were better adapted; and retiring to Cambridge, and studying there for a short time, went from thence to Lincoln's Inn, qualified himself for an advocate in the Court of King's Bench, and being admitted to the bar in 1778, immediately distinguished himself by his oratory, at the trial of Admiral Keppel, whence he rose, almost instantly into full practice, and led the bar, in all appeals to juries, for nearly five-and-twenty years. It is impossible to describe the grace, beauty, and copiousness of his eloquence; it was totally unlike any thing in the same sphere, either at the time, before, or since. The silver tones of his voice, the lightning of his eye, the incessant blaze of his imagery, his touching appeals to the heart, and his profuse command of language, overwhelmed every feeling and cultivated mind with delight and astonishment. Nor was his judgment less correct than his talents were brilliant. I have heard those who are best capable of forming an opinion say, that his prudence and sagacity as an advocate were as decisive as his speeches were splendid. He could discriminate with as much labour and niceness, as he could illumine by the stores of his inexhaustible fancy. His inclination, no doubt, led him to give the excursive powers of his mind full play, but he had the ability of the most minute discernment and profound investigation, whenever the occasion required it. In short, he is a man formed in the prodigality of nature, and to whomsoever honours be grudged, they cannot be said to have been unjustly won by Lord Erskine. On Feb. 8, 1806, he was appointed Lord High Chancellor of England, and created Lord Erskine of Restormel Castle, in Cornwall. He resigned the chancellorship in the following year, when Lord Eldon was re-appointed.

'His lordship married, in 1770, Frances, daughter of Daniel Moore, Esq. by whom (who died 1805) he has had four sons and four daughters.

'*Female descent*—Stewart, Ballenden, Hope, Stewart, Fairfax, Stewart.

'*Chief seat* . . . . .

'*Heir apparent*—His son David Montague, late envoy and plenipotentiary to North America, who married in 1800, Fanny, daughter of General Cadwallader, of Philadelphia.

'*Younger branches*—His younger sons, Henry, Thomas, and Esme, and the Earl of Rosslyn, &c.'

This specimen will shew the order and method of the work, which appears to yield all the information usually afforded by a pocket Peerage, and at the same time to distinguish from the οι πολλοι of the nobility those who have rendered themselves conspicuous by their good or evil conduct. Fox has observed, that "fear of censure from contemporaries will seldom have much effect upon men in situations of unlimited authority; they will too often flatter themselves, that the same power which enables them to commit the crime will

secure them from reproach. The dread of posthumous infamy, therefore, being the only restraint, their consciences excepted, upon the passions of such persons, it is lamentable that this last defence (feeble enough at best) should in any degree be impaired." The remark may be applied to those of high rank and title; and feeble as the restraint is termed, we are inclined to think that there is a kind of feeling (perhaps of a superstitious nature) which inclines mankind in every situation of life to fear the disgrace of their characters after death, in the same manner as the dishonouring of their bodies, and that this feeling will in many instances not only have much more influence than the dread of contemporary censure, but prove sufficient effectually to deter men from the indulgence of their guilty passions. On this principle, we must commend the design of the work before us, as far as it contains a body of remarks, favourable or unfavourable according to impartial judgment, upon the characters of those who, by their virtues, are most able to exalt the nation, and by their vices contribute in the greatest degree to its degeneracy.

There are prefixed to the first volume, 1st, a list of such English peers as are also peers of Scotland and Ireland, according to the date, rank, and title of their honours in those kingdoms; 2d, a list of second titles generally borne by peers' elder sons; 3d, a list of the surnames and superior titles of the peers of the united kingdom; 4th, a list of peers classed according to the source from whence the ancestors of each derived his peerage, all prior to the extinction of the house of Tudor being classed as feudal; 5th, a list of extinct peerages from the accession of the house of Hanover; 6th, a list of peers of the empire who are in the army, and of those in the navy; 7th, mottos of the peers of England, alphabetically arranged, with translations. The arms of each peer are prefixed to the account of his peerage, neatly engraved on wood. The succeeding volumes are announced to be in the press.

ART. IV. *The Poetical Works of the late Christopher Anstey, Esq. with some Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, by his Son, John Anstey, Esq.* London, Cadell and Davies, 1808. *pp.* 503.

THE second part of this title-page is nearly all that can demand our attention in the present day; as criticism, were it disposed to censure, would come much too late with its discoveries of the blemishes of Anstey's poems; and praise has long been so lavishly and justly bestowed upon this author,

that it were equally unprofitable and tedious to repeat a stale panegyric. The press of new matter must be our excuse for neglecting the publication so long.

Some few indeed of the smaller poems in this volume, as far as we can collect from the preface, are now first published. Of these we are of course called upon to say something; and we may perhaps be excused for offering some strictures upon Anstey's Latin compositions, which, although the learned world is familiar with them, are necessarily less known, and we think less correctly appreciated, than his inimitable Bath Guide, his Election Ball, &c. &c. &c. But we must first consider that portion of the publication which has devolved upon Mr. John Anstey—a gentleman honourably known to every reader who has a taste for genuine humour, and for a felicity of versification and ludicrous nomenclature, hardly inferior to that of his father, by his exquisite Pleader's Guide. It is always with great and natural curiosity that we meet an author, whom we have already admired, again; and particularly when his talents have been directed to a new department of literature. How the poet will appear in prose; how the man of wit and fancy will discharge the grave duties of a biographer; are questions which excite our interest and attention in a high degree. And we must now examine Mr. Anstey in his discharge of this last-mentioned office; an office, rendered infinitely responsible, by involving the character of a parent as well as his own.

'The revered subject of the following memoir' (as our author informs us) 'was born on the 31st of October, 1724. He was the son of the Rev. Christopher Anstey, D.D. who married Mary, daughter of Anthony Thompson, Esq. of Trumpington, in Cambridgeshire.'

We think it unnecessary to dwell any longer on the ancestors of the poet, whose life is here related. Suffice it to say, that he was sent young to Bury school; removed to Eton, first as an oppidan, and afterwards on the foundation. He left school in 1742, having finished his studies in a manner highly creditable, while Dr. George was master of Eton. 'He had gone captain to the Montem,' as Mr. Anstey expresses himself, in the year 41; in plain English, he was then, according to the most culpable custom of the place, placed at the head of a band of gentlemen, dressed like mountebanks, and armed with painted clubs, for the purpose of extorting money from the passengers, foot and horse, whom business or curiosity led to this scene of riot; in which the sons of the first people in the kingdom unite for the day the mean-

ness of beggars with the audacity of footpads. It only indeed happens once in three years, and the Saturnalia of Rome were annual—but this more than Fescennine license, the relic of some barbarous monkish procession to Salt-hill (as it is called, probably, from the eleemosynary receipts of the monks having been *modestly* entitled Salt, such being the case with alms collected at festivals on the continent to this day), this disgrace to a civilized age and country, and especially to one of its noblest seats of liberal education, should speedily be abolished. As in the instance before us, the receipts of the day are often bestowed upon those who could well afford to do without them; they are given to the head boy of the school; who, as he is always upon the foundation, is supposed indeed to stand in need of such assistance. But to return. The reputation which our poet gained as a scholar at Eton, he maintained and greatly increased by his classical acquirements at college. His exercises of all kinds were much admired; particularly some tripos verses written in the year 1745, while he was an undergraduate, as his son unnecessarily informs us. He was admitted fellow of King's College the same year, and took his bachelor's degree in 1746. We shall extract Mr. Anstey's account of an incident which took place at this period, as we think his manner of relating the anecdote does justice to his father and himself, and the subject itself is curious and entertaining.

'After this period he chiefly resided in college, and had nearly completed the term of his qualification for the degree of master of arts, when he was unexpectedly prevented from arriving at that honour by the result of a very spirited and popular opposition, in which he engaged, and took an active part, against an innovation attempted to be introduced into King's College by some of the leading men of the university.

'As in several sketches of the author's life which have appeared in magazines and other periodical publications, this remarkable contest has been alluded to, and its immediate consequences variously represented, it becomes an object of more than ordinary interest with the editor to give a particular and authentic account of it.

'King's College had immemorially exercised the right of qualifying its members for their degrees within the walls of their own society, without that regular performance of acts and exercises generally in use in the university schools, and required of other colleges. It had been proposed, as a salutary regulation, and a fit employment for the bachelor fellows of King's, that they should occasionally compose Latin declamations, and pronounce them in the public schools, a regulation altogether new and unprecedented in the annals of King's College. My father, who was at that time of six years standing in the uni-

versity, and the senior bachelor of his year, finding himself suddenly called upon to make a Latin oration on a given subject, resisted it in common with the junior fellows, as a degradation and an intrenchment on the privileges of the society. The declamation, however, was exacted, and not to be dispensed with: it was accordingly made, and the exordium no sooner pronounced, than the oration fell suddenly into a rhapsody of adverbs,* so ingeniously and pointedly disposed as to convey an obvious meaning without the aid of much grammatical connection, and being delivered with great animation and emphasis, conveyed a censure and ridicule on the whole proceeding. The orator was in consequence immediately ordered to descend from the rostrum, a circumstance to which he adverts in another declamation he was shortly after called upon to make, instead of the one in which he had been so unfortunately interrupted.'

Mr. Anstey proceeds to state that the well-known story of this second declamation, beginning with these words—'Doctores sine Doctrina, Magistri Artium sine artibus, Baculaurei, baculo potius quam lauru digni,' is not sanctioned by any records among his father's manuscripts. But, as it is a pity to spoil a good story, he believes as much as he can, and supposes the address to have been written but not spoken. There certainly, however, was sufficient imprudence in alluding, as the declaimer did allude, to the unhappy adverb *nunc*, on which he lays the whole blame of his first failure. This frolic cost him his master of arts degree. A joke is not to be borne,

> 'When heads of colleges in sage debate
> In caput mortuum amalgamate,

as some wicked wag has it. And the author of the Bath Guide pathetically records his punishment as follows:

> 'At Granta, sweet Granta, where, studious of ease,
> I slept seven years, and then lost my degrees.'

However, he had gained his object; and this was the last attempt of the university to infringe upon the palatine rights of King's College. Their Imperium in Imperio, thus vindicated by a wit, a scholar, and a poet, remains to this day inviolate.

Mr. Anstey published a tripos of his father's on the peace

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* The following sentence has been frequently mentioned as having formed a part (and one by no means the least obnoxious) of this extraordinary composition; as a specimen of lucid order and arrangement, it may not be unacceptable to the classical reader.—'Et hæc neq hactenus, neq olim, sed inopinato, insolenter etiam et inutiliter, admirabiliter, incredibiliter, miserabiliter nunc!'

in 1748. This poem is not so good a specimen of the Latin composition of our author as his translations of Gay's Fables, or the version of the Curfew. The nicer rules of quantity now enforced and observed at Eton, would have taught him to reject such licenses as 'Æquorei Regina Britannia sceptri;' and again—'socialis fœdera sceptri;' or, at all events, to confine the liberty of making a vowel short before two consonants to the introduction of proper names.

Gratatur reducem, should be Gratatur reduci; and so far from thinking with our biographer that the classical allusions in this poem give it an air of dignity rarely to be met with in juvenile compositions, we think that Venus, Æolus, Neptune, Bellona, and Mars, smack of the lower classes of our public schools.

In the year 1754 our author resigned his fellowship of King's, on succeeding to the family estates; and in 1756, he married Ann, third daughter of Felix Calvert, Esq. of Albury Hall in Hertfordshire. Of this lady, who is still living, Mr. Anstey speaks with all the warmth of an affectionate son.

The first fourteen years after his marriage, our author passed at his seat at Trumpington, near Cambridge. This retirement, and the society surrounding it, are described in glowing colours; and the happiness here enjoyed by a most accomplished gentleman in the bosom of his family and friends, seems to have been uninterrupted till the death of his sister, a lady of extraordinary endowments, the contemporary and literary correspondent of the late Mrs. Montague.

Illness now induced our author to pay a visit to Bath: a visit very fortunate for the lovers of wit and humour, as it excited a fondness for the place, and finally produced the delightful poem which celebrates its eccentricities.

The late Dr. Sumner, then provost of King's College, Dr. Glynne and Sir William Draper, Dr. Ekins, Dean of Carlisle, the late Dr. Roberts, and Mr. Bryant, all of whom he survived, were the intimate friends and companions of our author. He lived also on terms of friendship with Soame Jennings, and was acquainted with Gray, whose celebrated elegy he translated (the first of a host of translators) in conjunction with Dr. Roberts. Mr. Anstey gives us an extract from a letter of Gray's to the joint poets; in which he does not seem much to like the notion of his poem being Latinized. He argues, and we think forcibly, against the possibility of representing faithfully the customs of one country in the language of another; but with less success proposes the substitution of Roman names for Cromwell and Hampden.

This translation is, upon the whole, one of the best which

has ever been made of the Curfew. It is injudiciously indeed written in heroic instead of elegiac verse; but the language, with some few exceptions, is truly correct and classical. No phrase indeed violently offends us in it, but the conceited imitation of an obsolete Lucretian liberty, 'Sactai Scripturai;' and the epitaph, appropriately enough rendered in hendecasyllables, is an elegant and happy composition.

The familiar epistle to Mr. Bamfylde, a great master of the sister art of painting, is an exquisite performance. We may say indeed of the wonderfully ingenious Latin versification of subjects most untractably English, displayed in this poem, and of the ludicrous engravings which accompany it, "Ut pictura poesis." They are both excellent.

To finish our remarks upon Anstey's Latin poems, we will say in general of the fables, that they possess a simplicity of style without baldness; and an adherence to classical example with the air of original composition in an author's native language. In many passages these translations rival the best effusions of Vincent Bourne. They were written at first for exercises to instruct the sons of the poet in Latin; but were carefully revised in his old age.

He died in the year 1805, beloved and lamented by a circle much larger than that of his own family, who seem to feel all that reverence for his virtues and his genius which is so justly their due. His life, as it deserved to be, was free from any great uneasiness, and he was blessed with good health (a circumstance which in some measure renders his contempt for physicians a practical lesson) to his death. A monument is erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. It is plain and elegant, but in our opinion encumbered with the heaviest epitaph in Poets' Corner; which, with reverence be it spoken, is saying a good deal. We do not know the author, but feel convinced that Mr. John Anstey could have celebrated a poet and a parent in strains more worthy of his memory than this prosing and spiritless specimen of what is absurdly denominated 'the true *lapidary* style.'

In 1776, the Bath Guide was published. Mr. Anstey presents us with a curious specimen of a French prose version of this poem. It really preserves the humour better than we could have expected.

We do not think it necessary to follow the detail of the poet's smaller publications. This is the first entire collection of them; but, with the exception of the Latin pieces, we do not think they are calculated to increase the fame of their author. On a writer of less eminence they might have conferred some reputation, for the art of expressing pleasant and sometimes witty conceits, in easy and unencumbered rhyme.

The ludicrous poems are, as might be expected, the best; we found it difficult to feel an inclination to weep over 'the Farmer's Daughter,' but we could not resist our tendency to laughter, however stubborn our critical muscles may be, at the address to the author's three Bobwigs, Malus, Pejor, and Pessimus, at the exquisite translation of the methodistical letter, or at the following happy impromptu, which we insert as more than ever applicable to the trumpery subject which it dignifies by its derision.

In promptu, written in 1779.

'You say, my friend, that every day
Your company forsaking,
In quest of news I haste away,
The Morning Post to take in:
But if nor news nor sense it boast,
Which all the world agree in,
I don't take in the Morning Post,
The Morning Post *takes me in.*'

The low-lived practice of bruising is ridiculed with much effect in the Pindaric Epistle to Lord Buckhorse, and the poem gains an additional value from its lamentable applicability to the times we live in.

In the preface are some letters upon occasional interchanges of courtesy and kindness between Mr. Anstey and his friends. He invariably has the advantage in liveliness and propriety of expression, with the exception of a jeu d'esprit of Garrick's. De mortuis nil nisi bonam; or, we would say that the stiff latinity, or rather pedantic plagiarism of one of them (who compliments so laughable and ingenious a poem as the Epistola Familiaris with such measured dulness as legi, relegi, rerelegi), ill deserves the praise lavished upon it by Mr. Anstey.

In summing up our account of this volume, we cannot but return our best thanks to the editor for the favour he has conferred upon the literary world, by a complete publication of his father's works. He is an author who will delight his countrymen as long as a taste for genuine wit and humour remain among them; and although his powers of serious composition must be considered as inferior to his talent for the ridiculous, yet the beautiful stanzas, which no person ever read without a feeling of admiration, in the Pump-room at Bath, the extempore lines on the death of the Marquis of Tavistock, and some other effusions of tenderness, prove him only to have been second as a master of the pathetic style, because he was first among those benefactors of mankind who have added to the innocent stock of irresistible laughter.

ART. V. *The Geographical, Natural, and Civil History of Chili. Translated from the original Italian of the Abbe Don J. Ignatius Molina.* (Concluded from p. 168.)

WE shall now notice the second volume of this work, which relates the civil history of Chili. The conquest of this country, which is not yet complete, has cost the Spaniards more blood and treasure than any of their other South American possessions. The Araucanians have defended their original independence with a persevering bravery, which has not often been equalled in the annals of nations.

No particulars of the Chilian history are known previous to the middle of the fifteenth century, when the conquest of the country was attempted by Yupanqui, the Inca of Peru. The inhabitants were, at this time, divided into fifteen tribes, called Copiapins, Coquimbanes, Quillotanes, Mapochinians, Promaucians, Curés, Cauques, Pencones, Araucanians, Cunches, Chilobes, Chiquilanians, Pehuenches, Puelches, and Huilliches. These different communities were independent of each other, and subject to certain chiefs, called Ulmenes. The command of the Peruvian expedition was entrusted to Sincheruca, a prince of the blood royal, who extended his conquests as far as the river Rapel. Here his progress was stopped by the Promaucians, whose name signifies the "free dancers," from their fondness for that diversion, and for every other species of amusement. But their voluptuous habits had not impaired their courage, and they defeated the Peruvians in a great battle. After this Chili was divided into two parts, one of which acknowledged the sovereignty of the Peruvians; while the other, containing eleven tribes, preserved its independence. The Peruvians did not introduce their form of government into the conquered provinces, and the whole people retained their original manners until the arrival of the Spaniards. Robertson erroneously supposes that the Chilians had not, at this time, emerged from that state of society which subsists by the chase, into the class of agriculturists. They cultivated the *maize*, and other farinaceous vegetables.

When the Spaniards, under the command of Almagro, crossed the deserts of Peru to invade Chili, they found no want of subsistence on entering the vale between the Andes and the sea. At this period the Chilians had so far advanced in civilization, that they ate their grain cooked, which was done "either by boiling it in earthen pots adapted to the purpose, or roasting it in hot sand." They, at the same time, prepared two distinct kinds of meal, "the parched, to which they gave the name of *murque*; and the raw, which they

called *rugo*. With the first they made gruels, and a kind of beverage which they at present use for breakfast instead of chocolate;" from the second they formed cakes, and a bread by them called *couque*, which they baked in ovens cut in the sides of mountains or the banks of rivers. They had invented a sort of sieve for separating the bran from the flour, which they call *chignigul*. They are also said to have employed leaven, and to have obtained several spirituous fermentations, which they kept in earthen jars. These things denote a rather advanced state of social culture.

The rights of private property, without which hardly any degree of civilization can exist, were also established among the Chilians. The desire of acquiring property is natural to man, but the actual endeavour, displaying itself in the varied species of industrious exertion, must be more or less restrained by the insecurity of the possession. The first arts of social life, and the first forms of political arrangement, owe their origin to the influence of the idea of property on the habits of man. The Chilians had learned the manufacture of cloths, the use of the spindle and distaff, several arts of the first necessity, and some which had a nearer relation to convenience and luxury, as the manufacture of pots, plates, cups, and jars, to hold their fermented liquors. They extracted gold, silver, copper, tin, and lead, from the earth, and, after purifying, employed these metals in a variety of useful and curious works.

Diego Almagro began his march from Peru, for the territory of Chili, in the end of the year 1535, with an army composed of "570 Spaniards, and 15,000 Peruvians, under the command of *Paullu*, the brother of the Inca Manco, the nominal emperor of Peru, who had succeeded the unfortunate Atahuyalpa, who had been put to death by Pizarro and Almagro. Almagro, inconsiderately, took the road to Chili, that passes over the Andes, and, owing to the rigour of the cold, he lost 150 Spaniards, and 10,000 Peruvians, on his march. Almagro, having received reinforcements in 1537, advanced into the country of the Promaucians, regardless of the remonstrances of the Peruvians. Here the Spaniards, who had been accustomed to conquer whole nations without much difficulty or resistance, experienced such brave and determined opposition, that Almagro was glad to make good his retreat, without having effected any settlement in the country.

Almagro was, in 1538, put to death by the brother of Francis Pizarro, who thus being rid of his rival, obtained the absolute command of the Spanish possessions in South America. The conquest of Chili was next attempted by

Pedro de Valdivia, the quarter-master of Pizarro, who had obtained experience in the Indian wars. He began his march in 1540, with 200 Spaniards, a numerous body of Peruvian auxiliaries, some women, monks, and European quadrupeds. He crossed the Andes without any loss, and though repeatedly attacked by the inhabitants of the northern provinces of Chili, and much harassed in his march, he reached the province of Mapocho, now called St. Jago, with little loss. In this province, which is one of the most fertile in the country, he resolved to found the capital of the kingdom, to which he gave the name of St. Jago. 'In laying out the city, he divided the ground into plats or squares, each containing 4096 toises, a fourth of which he allowed to every citizen, a plan that has been pursued in the foundation of all the other cities.' The sagacity of Valdivia has been much applauded in the choice which he made for the situation of his capital; but the author thinks that 'it would have been better placed fifteen miles farther to the south upon the Maypo, a large river which has a direct communication with the sea, and might easily be rendered navigable for ships of the largest size.' 'The city, however, contains at present (1787) more than forty thousand inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing in population, from its being the seat of government, and from its great commerce, supported by the luxury of the wealthy inhabitants.'

Valdivia expected numerous obstacles in his endeavours to establish the Spanish dominion in Chili; but the natives opposed his designs rather with desultory and fugitive, than systematic and determined hostility, till he approached the confines of the Araucanians, who seeing the tide of conquest rolling towards them, resolved to stem it, or to perish in the attempt. The Araucanians have from that time to the present been engaged in frequent and bloody wars with the Spaniards, but their valour has hitherto prevented their complete subjugation by the arms of Spain. In the second book of his second volume, the author gives a detailed and interesting account of this singular people, who have defended their liberty and independence against a nation who were greatly advanced beyond them in military skill, with a constancy which would do honour to the most enlightened nations.

In the year 1550, Valdivia, after having founded the city of Coquimbo, founded a third city called Conception, in the bay of Penco. The Araucanians advanced, to offer battle to the Spaniards at the river Andalieu. These savages, who were unacquainted with the use of fire-arms, sustained the first discharge of the Spanish musketry without being thrown into disorder; for Aillavalu, the commander of the Araucanians,

by a rapid movement, fell at once upon the flank and rear of the Spanish army. The Spaniards formed themselves into a square, and sustained the furious attack of the enemy with their accustomed valour. The battle was long doubtful; but the death of Aillavalu caused the Araucanians to retire. This they did in good order; 'Valdivia, who had been in many battles in Europe and America, declared that he had never been exposed to such imminent hazard as in this engagement.' He immediately fortified the city of Conception, expecting shortly to be attacked again. The Araucanians sent another army against the Spaniards in the following year, under the command of Lincoyan, who was a chief of less conduct and courage than Aillavalu. Finding his first attack unsuccessful, Lincoyan ordered a precipitate retreat. This happy deliverance, the Spaniards, who had fled under the cannon of their fortifications, ascribed to the interposition of the apostle St. James, who was seen 'upon a white horse, with a flaming sword, striking terror into their enemies.'

Valdivia, though he had chosen St. Jago for the capital of the colony, discovered a strong predeliction for the maritime settlement of Conception. After various other successes, Valdivia was, however, in the year 1553, defeated by the Araucanians in a hard-fought battle. The Spaniards were all cut to pieces; the general himself was taken prisoner, and brought into the presence of Caupolican, the new general of the Araucanians. Valdivia supplicated earnestly for his life, and Caupolican seemed rather inclined to grant the request, when an old Ulmen of great authority, enraged at the thought,

'dispatched the unfortunate prisoner with a blow of his club; saying, that they must be mad to trust to the promises of an ambitious enemy, who, as soon as he had escaped from this danger, would make a mock of them and laugh at his oaths. Caupolican was highly exasperated at this conduct, and would have punished it with severity had not the greater part of his officers opposed themselves to his just resentment.'

After the death of Valdivia, the supreme command of the Spanish troops devolved upon Villagran, who was soon after defeated in a furious and sanguinary contest, in which Villagran himself with difficulty escaped with only a few followers. The new city of Conception was abandoned to the enemy, who burned the houses and razed the capital to the ground. The war was afterwards continued with great obstinacy, and various success, till Caupolican was delivered up to Don Garcia, the successor of Villagran, by the treachery of one of his followers. The brave Araucanian chief was not made prisoner by the Spanish detachment, who were

sent to seize him, till after a desperate resistance by ten of his faithful followers.

'His wife, who never ceased exhorting him to die rather than surrender, on seeing him taken, indignantly threw towards him his infant son, saying, she would retain nothing that belonged to a coward.'

Caupolican was immediately ordered to be impaled and dispatched with arrows; but not until a priest had administered the mockery of baptism. When Caupolican was conducted to a scaffold that had been erected for his execution, and

'saw the instrument of punishment, which until then he did not clearly comprehend, and a negro prepared to execute him, he was so exasperated, that, with a furious kick, he hurled the executioner from the scaffold, exclaiming, "Is there no sword, and some less unworthy hand to be found to put to death a man like myself? This has nothing in it of justice, it is base revenge." He was, however, seized by numbers, and compelled to undergo the cruel and ignominious death to which he had been condemned.'

The execution of Caupolican inflamed the revenge of the Araucanians, who placed his son at the head of their armies. Numerous battles were now fought without any decisive result, till fortune finally declared against the courage and the constancy of the young Caupolican, who slew himself, to avoid the fate of his father. After this, Don Garcia was recalled from the government of Chili, and was succeeded by Francis Villagran. Though the Araucanians had lost the flower of their youth in battle, yet they elected a new *toqui*, or chief, in the person of Antiguenu, an officer of inferior rank, who had signalized himself in the last fatal battle with the Spaniards. 'Antiguenu retired with the few soldiers that he had with him, to the inaccessible marshes of Lumaco, called by the Spaniards the Rochela, where he caused high scaffolds to be erected, to secure his men from the extreme moisture of this gloomy retreat.' As soon as Antiguenu had collected a sufficient number of followers, he began his incursions into the Spanish territory. The Spaniards were defeated in several encounters. Villagran died principally of grief and vexation, having appointed his eldest son Pedro his successor. The Araucanian chief followed up his successes for some time, when he also experienced the reverses of war. His camp, at the confluence of the rivers Bio-bio and Vergosa, was penetrated by the enemy. Antiguenu valiantly opposed the assailants in person, but, forced along with a crowd of his

soldiers who fled, he fell from a high bank into the river, and was drowned.

Antiguenu was succeeded in the *toquiate* by Paillataru, who was of a less ardent and enterprizing character. But he maintained the love of liberty undiminished in the bosoms of his countrymen, and led them, from time to time, to ravage the possessions of the enemy. Paillataru proved himself no less eminent in discretion than in bravery; and the Spaniards in vain attempted, notwithstanding their superiority in the use of arms, and in military skill, to complete the subjugation of the Araucanians. The toquis who were successively elected after the death of Paillataru, were generally men of that distinguished courage and patriotism, which would do honour to heroes of any age. In the year 1591, the then toqui of the Araucanians, named Quintuguenu, an enterprizing youth, encamped with two thousand men upon the top of the mountain Mariguenu, which had often been moistened with the blood of the Spaniards. The Spanish governor, having put himself at the head of one thousand of his countrymen, and a great number of auxiliaries,

'Began at day-break to defile the difficult ascent of the mountain, leading the advanced guard in person, in front of which he had placed twenty half-pay officers, well experienced in this kind of war. Scarcely had he ascended half way, when he was attacked with such fury by Quintuguenu, that a general of less talents would have been driven headlong down with all his troops; but animating his men by his voice and example, he sustained for more than an hour the terrible encounter of the enemy, till having gained step by step the level ground, he succeeded in forcing them into their entrenchments, without, however, being able to break their order.—The Araucanians, mutually exhorting each other to die with glory, defended their camp with incredible valour until mid-day, when Don Carlos Irrzabal, after an obstinate resistance, finally forced the lines on the left with his company. At the same time the quarter-master and Don Rodolphus Lisperger, a valiant German officer, penetrated with their brigades in front and on the right. Quintuguenu, although surrounded on every side, rendered for a long time the event of the battle doubtful. He maintained his troops in good order, and conjured them not to dishonour, by an ignominous defeat, a place that had so often witnessed the victories of their ancestors. While he flew from rank to rank animating his men, and constantly confronting the enemy, he fell, pierced with three mortal wounds by the governor, who had singled him out, and taken aim at him. The last word he uttered was an enthusiastic exclamation of liberty.'

We have selected the above as a specimen of the spirit of

independence which has continued for several centuries to animate these brave people, and of the invincible courage with which they have opposed the attempts of the Spaniards to reduce them to an ignominious servitude.

In the year 1593, Don Martin Loyola, nephew of Ignatius, the founder of the Jesuits, was appointed to the government of Chili. The Araucanians were at this time governed by the toqui Paillamachu, 'a man of very advanced age, but of wonderful activity;' who contrived means to surprize Don Martin Loyola, who was encamped with only a small retinue 'in the pleasant valley of Caralava.' Paillamachu put the Spanish governor to death, with all his attendants. The execution of this enterprize prepared the way for the entire expulsion of the Spaniards from the territory of the Araucanians. 'Villarica, a very populous and opulent city, fell, in 1692 (qu. 1602), into the hands of the Araucanians,' after a siege of two years and eleven months. 'Osorno, a city not less rich and populous,' soon shared the same fate.

'Thus, in a period of little more than three years, were destroyed all the settlements which Valdivia and his successors had established and preserved at the expence of so much blood, in the extensive country between the Bio-bio and the Archipelago of Chiloé, none of which have been since rebuilt.'—'Although great numbers of the citizens' of Villarica and Osorno 'perished in the defence of their walls, the prisoners of all ranks and sexes were so numerous, that there was scarcely an Araucanian family who had not one to its share. The women were taken into the seraglios of their conquerors. Husbands were, however, permitted for the most part to retain their wives, and the unmarried to espouse the women of the country; and it is not a little remarkable, that the mustees or offspring of those singular marriages, became in the subsequent wars the most terrible enemies of the Spanish name.'

After these events, some fruitless attempts were made to procure a pacification. The chief articles which were proposed by the Spaniards were that the river Bio-bio should in future constitute the boundary between them and the Araucanians; and that the missionaries should be permitted to promulge the Christian creed in the Araucanian territory. During the negotiations, three missionaries, among whom was Horatio Vecchio, of Sienna, cousin to Pope Alexander VII. made their appearance at Ilicura, whither they had been conducted by Uliflame, the arch-ulmen or governor of the province. But the toqui Ancanamon was no sooner made acquainted with their arrival, than he hastened thither with two hundred horse, and put them all to the sword. The war

was now commenced with greater fury than before. The military expeditions of the toqui Lientur, the next but one in succession to Ancanamon, 'were always so rapid and unexpected, that the Spaniards gave him the appellation of the wizard.' His successes against the enemies of his country followed in such an uninterrupted series, that he was termed by his contemporaries 'the darling child of fortune.' In 1625, Lientur, who was advanced in years, resigned the chief command to Putapichion, a young man, whose 'character for courage and for conduct was similar to his own.' The Spaniards at this time possessed a commander of great abilities in the person of Don Louis de Cordova, who prosecuted the war with more vigour than his successor, but without obtaining any decisive advantages over the enterprizing Putapichion. The Spanish governor, Don Louis de Cordova, was succeeded by Don Francisco Laso, who had acquired great reputation in the wars in Flanders. He made ten years of unintermitted war upon the Araucanians, whose career of victory was stopped by the unfortunate death of their toqui, Putapichion, in battle. Some of the succeeding toquis, who were elected by the Araucanians, had more temerity than good conduct; and their affairs wore a less favourable aspect. In 1688, the Dutch made a second attempt to form an alliance with the Araucanians, but without success. An expedition was fitted out in England, for the same purpose, under the command of Sir John Narborough; but the fleet was lost in passing the straits of Magellan. In 1641 a short peace was effected between the Spaniards and the most obstinate enemy whom they ever had to encounter. The war had now raged for ninety years, and perhaps no period of history, whether barbarous or civilized, presents a picture of any people who have defended their national liberties and independence with more magnanimous constancy than the Araucanians.

The peace which we have just mentioned, was negotiated under the government of Don Francisco, Marquis de Baydes, and it was preserved under that of his successor, Don Martin Muxica. But war was again excited between the Spaniards and the Araucanians, under the government of Don Antonio Acugna. In 1655 the Spaniards experienced some signal reverses, but the war was terminated in the year 1665, by a peace of more permanence than the preceding. After this period the different governors of Chili, who were appointed by the court of Spain, seem to have maintained a good understanding with the Araucanians to the end of the century. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, the French,

in consequence of the war of succession, made themselves for several years masters of the external commerce of Chili.

'From 1707 to 1717, its ports were filled with their ships, and they carried from thence incredible sums in gold and silver. Many of them, who became attached to the country, settled themselves in it, and have left numerous descendants. It was at this period that the learned father Feuilla, who remained there three years, made his botanical researches and meteorological observations upon the coast. His amiable qualities obtained him the esteem of the inhabitants, who still cherish his memory with much affection.'

In 1722, the Araucanians, who had for some time been alarmed and offended by the increasing encroachments of the Spaniards, and particularly by the insolence of those who were styled captains of the friends or protectors of the missionaries, elected a toqui, and once more flew to arms. The choice fell upon Vilumilla, a man of low origin, but heroic, daring, and of exalted views. He fostered the project of expelling the Spaniards from the whole of Chili; for this purpose he made every effort to excite the Chilians in the Spanish provinces to revolt, at a signal given by kindling fires upon the tops of the highest mountains: but his countrymen did but ill second the generous efforts of the chief: and their supineness, rather than his presumption, frustrated the execution of the undertaking.—Hostilities were again appeased by the peace of Nogreto, which took place in the government of Don Gabriel Cano, who died in the city of Jago, after a mild and pacific administration of fifteen years. He was succeeded by his nephew Don Manuel Salamanca, whose conduct was conformable to the maxims of his uncle.—He was followed by Don Joseph Manso, who, in 1742, founded the cities of Copiapo, Aconcagua, Melipilla, Rancagua, St. Fernando, Curico, Talca, Tutuben, and Angeles. His successors continued to form new establishments, but without similar success. Don Antonio Guill Gonzaga, hoping to rival the celebrity of his successors, harboured the chimerical scheme of forcing the Araucanians to live in cities; but this project was rendered abortive by the prudent precaution and vigorous resistance of the Araucanians, who considered it as a blow meditated against their liberties and independence. The Araucanians, under the conduct of the brave toqui Curignancu, defeated all the attempts of the Spaniards to reduce them to submission. A bloody action was fought between the two powers in the beginning of 1773, which was soon after followed by a cessation of hostilities.—In the terms of peace, the Araucanians stipulated that 'they

should be allowed to keep a minister resident in the city of St. Jago.' To this proposition the Spaniards finally acceded; the other articles of the peace experienced no opposition; and no subsequent event is related in the present work.

We have thus given a brief extract of the Chilian history, of which, if the details appear rather dry, we trust that they will not be altogether undeserving of attention, nor barren of interest, when they are considered as exhibiting the courage and the constancy of a nation of savages, in the defence of their liberties and independence, to which, whether we regard the vigour or the duration of the noble effort, we can hardly find any parallel in the annals of the world. When we consider the great superiority of the Spaniards in military skill and in all the destructive implements of war at the time when they first attempted the conquest of the Araucanians, we cannot but regard the patriotic heroism of the latter with emotions of no common admiration; while we at the same time view it as a practical exemplification of one of Buonaparte's sententious truths, that 'A NATION WHICH WILLS FREEDOM (which sincerely and enthusiastically wills it) MUST BE FREE.'

ART. VI.—*Spanish Heroism; or the Battle of Roncesvalles. A metrical Romance; by John Belfour, Esq. Author of "Music," a didactic Poem, &c. &c.* Vernor, 1809, 8vo. *pr.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE plan, or 'historical basis,' of this poem, cannot be better explained than by transcribing the whole of the prefixed advertisement.

'Although the battle of Roncesvalles has given rise to many effusions of the muse, no poem has appeared in this country, on the subject, formed upon any other historical basis than that of the French chronicles. Of this nature will be found the minute but animated description of *Pulci*, and the productions of the more early Italian poets and romancers. This romance, on the contrary, is founded upon the circumstances leading to that event, as reported by the Spanish historians; the substance of which, that the reader may immediately enter into the views of the author, we shall briefly relate.

'Charlemagne, emperor of France, having rendered himself illustrious by his victories, Alphonso the Chaste, king of Leon and the Asturias, being without legitimate issue, and perceiving the greater part of Spain in the possession of the Saracens, sent, secretly, a messenger to the Gallic monarch, promising, upon his demise, to invest him with the sovereignty of his kingdom, if he would march his forces into the peninsula, and assist him in the

expulsion of the Moors. This Charlemagne readily assented to; and, crossing, in person, the Pyrenees with his peers and a considerable army, marched into Navarre, attacked the Moors, possessed himself of Pampeluna, and drove them completely out of that province.

'This compact being communicated to the nobles and principal chieftains of Alphonso, they refused to concur in his views; and, supported by Bernardo del Carpio, determined to resist the progress of Charlemagne, should he attempt to enforce his right to the throne.

'Charlemagne, apprised of the change in the sentiments of Alphonso, and incensed at the patriotic ardour of the nobility, who had sworn to preserve their liberties or perish, ordered a prodigious force to march into Spain, and to encamp on the plain of RONCESVALLES; whither he resolved to move from Pampeluna, with the troops already in the country, to penetrate, in person, into Leon, and dethrone the Spanish prince.

'In the mean time, Alphonso, aware of his intentions, aided by his nobles, and in a particular manner by his kinsman, Bernardo del Carpio, called the country to arms; and assembling a numerous army from the several provinces subject to his dominion, assisted by Rodrigo, count of Castile, and the Saracen prince, Marsilius, king of Arragon (whom Charlemagne had imperiously called upon to pay tribute), marched against the invader, whom he attacked on the plain of Roncesvalles; and after a most sanguinary conflict, in which nearly the whole of Charlemagne's army fell, with his peers and attendants, obtained a complete victory, and compelled the Gallic monarch to return to France, with his scattered forces, in the utmost precipitation and dismay.

'The poem opens with the rejoicings of the French on the fall of Pampeluna, and, interrupted at times in its historical narration by episodes, which rather increase, it is presumed, than diminish the interest of the story, proceeds, with regular steps, to its conclusion, by the discomfiture of Charlemagne and his army, at Roncesvalles.'

The only interest possessed by the story is that which the genius of romance can bestow upon it; and this, if managed with ability and spirit, would be, in our judgment, amply sufficient to constitute the charm of poetry. It is unfortunately incumbent upon us to pronounce a far different judgment on 'Spanish heroism;' and it will be our disagreeable duty, in the following pages, to point out the principal causes of its failure.

For the first and greatest of these we must look to the author of Marmion, a gentleman whom we are very sorry to summon so often upon occasions in which he may appear to have no personal concern. But the leader of a sect has been,

in all ages, considered as responsible to a certain degree for the errors and absurdities of his followers; and if Mr. Scott has encouraged those eccentricities in others, either by precept or example, he must not be displeased at finding himself obnoxious to the censures which they deserve. His poetical beauties, however they may have dazzled the eyes of others, were never, in our opinion, any excuse for the vices which accompanied them; but they have been able to mislead many, whom the apparent facility of imitation, no less than the high popularity of the original, has inspired with the thought of attempting something which, even if successful, true taste would condemn, and which, failing, exposes them to certain and merited ridicule.

How can any ear, that is not under the immediate influence of a fashionable mania, endure such flagrant instances of harsh inversion, pedantic antiquarianism, and prosaïc flatness, as distinguish the whole class of compositions which Mr. Belfour has very properly marked by the title of 'Metrical Romance,' since, to that of 'Poetry,' they have not the smallest legitimate title? It is not because our rude ancestors were delighted with it, it is not because their polished descendants can regard it with veneration when accompanied by the evidence of antiquity, that this style ought to be tolerated in a modern maker of verses, more particularly when no attention is paid to the preservation of common consistency; but the dialects and modes of expression of all ages are jumbled together in one unnatural mixture.

Still, Mr. Scott's beauties have proved in too many instances a blind to these gross and unpardonable errors. Let us therefore take some specimens of them, as they are furnished by Mr. Belfour (which are neither more inconsistent, nor more inharmonious than many of which Mr. Scott himself has given the example), and thus compel our readers to acknowledge, that vices which they do not forgive in a writer of inferior abilities, cannot be ornamental in one of great and acknowledged genius. If an execration be vulgar and abominable in the mouth of a bargeman, it does not become refined and genteel in passing between the lips of a prince.

First, of *inversion*, a few specimens shall suffice. Many more are to be found in every page of the volume. The poem thus opens:—

> 'Day broke on Pampeluna's towers,
> And with refulgent beam,
> *Dispersed of night the shadowy hours,*
> That play'd round Arga's stream,'

Very soon afterwards we are informed that

> ' *Of tuneful bells the merry peal,*
> Bespoke the ancient warder's zeal.'

> ' Illustrious grown by conquests made
> *O'er those, our realms who would invade,*
> *To scourge of infidels the pride,*' &c. &c.

Will any admirer of Marmion assert that the disciple has, in these instances, exceeded the liberty allowed him by his master? Or will any one contend that the liberty so allowed is consistent with the rules of poetry?—Quis tam Lucilî fautor ineptè est?

The instances of affected words, supposed to be authorized by the usage of our old ballad-writers, but in reality wholly inadmissible in a poem written, for the most part, in modern English, are much less frequent in this poem than in that of Marmion, and so far we have no hesitation in pronouncing the copy better than the original. Continuing, however, the passage first quoted from the commencement of the poem, we find an instance of real poetical merit (the more valuable as being rare) greatly diminished by the introduction of one of these unlucky monosyllables.

> ' While, full on the astonish'd sight,
> The Pyrenæan mountains, *dight*
> With genial rays of liquid light,
> Disclosed their giant form;
> Where oft is heard the solemn sound
> Of murmuring streams through caves profound,
> Or roaring winds, that swell around,
> The harbingers of storm.'

A little further on we have

> ' ———Borne on coursers fleet, and *wight*,
> Spruce squires in sword and buckler *dight*;

We have also, ' heralds gold-*besprent*,' and ' *stalworth* knights, in battle brave;' but, worse than all these, we have not only knights, but their *mies* also—a description of animal certainly not to be found in Buffon, and of which, our readers unacquainted with the old language of French chivalry will hardly understand the meaning. It was, however, perfectly indispensable, as the appendage of an accomplished knight, and may be instanced in the Dulcinea del Toboso of Don Quixote, the Melisendra of Don Gayferos, and many hundred others.

> ' The knights, to grace the banquet, led
> The ladies fair—and, flush'd with pride,
> Each took his seat—his *mie* beside.'

And again,

> When Durandarte, pleased at heart,
> Occasion offered to impart
> The flame which in his bosom burn'd,
> Which, with reserve, his *mie* return'd.'

As examples of the 'prosaïc flatness' with which we have presumed to charge this new style of *poetry*, it is not to be supposed that we would bring forward some of the most harmonious, affecting, and truly poetical passages to be found in our own or any language; for with such passages we maintain that both of Mr. Scott's poems abound. Were all writers gifted with judgment sufficient to discriminate, where unfounded applause is given, between that to which the applause is justly due, and that which is only an appendage, and unworthy, by itself, of exciting any applause whatever, the 'Battle of Roncesvalles' would never have been written, and these remarks would never have been called for. But, so it is with injudicious admirers, and more injudicious imitators: the defects of Mr. Scott's poem are adopted as a principle of art by Mr. Belfour; and, with very few exceptions indeed, the vulgar pedestrianism to which the former too often descends from his high-mettled charger, is, with the other, only his usual mode of travelling.

> —'To our momentous theme attend'—
> —'Lo! Pampeluna's walls fell down'—
> —'And, failing issue, doth declare
> Ourself to Spain the lawful heir!'—
>
> '*But ah! distressing to relate!*
> Stooping his head towards the saddle-bow,
> The Pagan chief, at one decisive blow,
> Rending his corslet, laid the Spaniard low.'

This is very distressing indeed, and we would not distress our readers by any more proofs of our assertion, did we not apprehend that Mr. Belfour may accuse us of garbling, mangling, &c. by *picked* quotations. Lest, upon any such grounds he should *pick* a quarrel with us, we will, in justice to ourselves and him, transcribe a whole speech, a royal one too, pronounced by king Alphonso before all his peers in parliament assembled. If, according to form, we are to consider this speech, not as the king's own composition, but as that of his ministers, we shall find reason to congratulate ourselves on the comparative talents of those who now direct the counsels of Britain.

'Statesmen! for wisdom, worth approved,
And by ourselves and people loved;
From whom we nothing shall conceal,
Pertaining to the public weal:
My words attend:—weigh'd down by years,
And feeling all a monarch's fears,
When this weak frame, as soon it must,
Shall mingle with its kindred dust;—
That, failing lawful issue,—Spain
Again may bleed at every vein;—
We have resolved, the realm to save,
From those who would its sons enslave,
To choose, from men of high renown,
A fit successor to our crown;—
One whose great mind, and spirit bold,
Our laws, our charters, shall uphold;
Whose arms shall make religion sure,
And hurl destruction on the Moor.—
Moved by such aims, our royal breast,
(Anxious to make our subjects blest,)
We have elected one—whose name
And deeds, and worth, are known to fame:—
One, whose exploits in virtue's cause
Have gain'd of Europe the applause,
By conquests—who hath claims on Spain;
The Pagan's terror—Charlemagne.
To him, great statesman! at our death,
Our crown and subjects we bequeath.
Potent in arms, and born to sway,
The weak his mandates will obey;
The valiant in his strength confide;
—His steps the conquering hero's guide.—
Disclosed to Charles our royal will,
He swears most amply to fulfil
The duties and the functions great
Attendant on his regal state:
Proud of this proof of our regard,
Spaniards! your love his best reward!—
Thus frankly told our high intent,
Nobles! we ask your joint assent
To measures which, we strongly feel,
Will much advance the public weal.
Assured our kindred will approve,
Consenting, their respect and love;
Since private feeling we restrain,
T' insure the happiness of Spain.'

Strip the above speech of its execrable inversions, alter a very few words for the sake of the rhyme, and we will venture to affirm, that his majesty, king George the Third, never

uttered more downright prose from the throne of Great Britain. Let us try.

"My Lords and Gentlemen! We shall conceal nothing from you pertaining to the public weal. Mark my words:—weighed down by years, and feeling all the fears of a sovereign that, when this weak frame shall mingle with its kindred dust, as it must soon, Spain may bleed again at every vein (my rightful issue failing); we have resolved, to save the realm from those who would enslave its sons, to choose, from men of high reputation, a fit successor to our crown," &c. &c. &c. Heavens! Mr. Belfour—can Mr. Scott, or any other gentleman breathing, have persuaded you that this is the language of poetry?

We shall close our quotations with two or three of a different description. We wish Mr. Belfour had enabled us to make more of these selections. When the Duke de Montausier, espousing the cause of the poetasters, ventured to censure Boileau for the freedom of his criticisms, the Marechal de Crequy, interfered with a speech which should serve for a motto to every Review: "Quoi! vous blâmez Despréaux de ce qu'il a critiqué tant de mauvais Poëtes! Nous devrions tous l'en remercier—*il nous en défera, ou ils se corrigeront.*" We shall produce the following specimens of, at least, tolerable poetry, to prove that our object, in the present instance, is not "*nous defaire de* M. Belfour," but the hope "*qu'il se corrigera.*"

The fourth canto opens thus, with an imitation of a sonnet of Gongora, as Mr. B. acknowledges in his notes.

'Again the sun, bright harbinger of day,
Had cast o'er nature his enlivening ray;—
O'er mountain rude, and dew-besprinkled heath,
Brisk gales were whispering, with perfumed breath,—
And mingling with the hoarse and solemn sound
Of foaming streams, from crag and cliff around—
The feather'd choir, the sheltering groves among,
Harmonious discord! pour'd their matin song:—
While May, encircled by the sprightly hours,
Clothed hill and valley with unnumber'd flowers:—
When brave Bernardo, with the lightning's speed,
Impelling his high-mettled steed,
Behind him left famed Pampeluna's towers,—
But neither matin lay, nor jocund strain,
Nor murmuring stream, nor flowery plain,
Nor shepherd-pipe, at distance heard,
—Which erst so oft his heart had cheer'd,—
Nor mountain hoar, nor verdant glade,
Could sooth the anxious cares which on his bosom prey'd.'

The ballad of the prisoner is also *pretty*, if it deserves no higher commendation. It follows, in the same canto.

'The beams of morn in ruddy lustre break,—
The lark, ascending, pours his jocund strain,
The shepherd hinds their lowly cots forsake,
And lead their flocks excursive o'er the plain;
All hearts to pleasure and to love incline:
While I, in Luna' towers, unheeded, pine,
And mourn departed joys, that once were mine.

'Born in the lap of ease, of wealth possest;
Honours, renown, and pageantry, and state
Adorn'd life's opening scene;—with beauty blest,
Great was my rapture, and serene my fate.
But soon the vision fled:—where silence reigns,
Condemn'd to sad captivity and chains,
Keen is my anguish, poignant are my pains.

'Thus reft of all I prized,—on earth held dear,
Ah! what do sorrows, what do tears avail?
Deaf to my plaint the love-lorn swains appear—
No wanderer's stay beguiles my woe-fraught tale:
But death, I trust, will soon my eyelids close,
In kind compassion to a wretch's woes,
And in the grave my tortured frame repose.'

All Mr. Belfour's episodes (on which he appears, in his introduction, to have built a great deal) are so unaccountably dull and tiresome, that, uninteresting as is the main fable, we always felt ourselves relieved as often as we had got over any of these impediments to its uninterrupted progress. This is the principal (and, it must be owned, a very fatal) objection to the conduct of the romance. But Mr. Belfour is unfortunate, we think, even in the conception of it. We have, from childhood, been brought up to rank Orlando, and Rinaldo, and the other Paladins of France, with Achilles, Theseus, Hercules, and all the invincible heroes of every age; and, however ancient the belief, we can never be brought to allow that a Spanish knight, to us unknown, can have humbled the pride of the nephew of Charlemagne. On this point we are, indeed, ready to take up the gauntlet of any fierce assailant whatsoever; and, if he dares insult us with the supposition that Orlando was beaten by Bernardo del Carpio, to tell him that he "lies in his throat." For what did Boyardo dream, and Ariosto fable? To be contradicted by a heap of dull and prosing Spanish ballads, raked up by the industry of a poet in the 19th century? Never! It is a blasphemy not to be endured, even the bare idea.

But, to consider coolly (if it is possible to be cool on a a subject so intimately connected with our dearest interests), the Spanish romance is, in itself, wholly unworthy of being substituted for the French and Italian. There is something in the *genuine* history of the battle of Roncesvalles (that is, the *history* told by the *indubitable* Archbishop Turpin) calculated to excite all the heroic and all the tender feelings of our nature, in a no less eminent degree than the death of Hector, or the sack of Troy. Luigi Pulci, the most absurd and puerile in many respects of all the Italian romancers, has, in his execution of this important passage, greatly exceeded them all, and approached, more nearly perhaps than any epic poet of modern days, to the sublimity and pathos of Homer himself. Set out of view the romantic folly of supposing a band of two or three dozen warriors maintaining an unequal contest during three days with an army of almost as many millions, and selling their lives with the slaughter of at least half of their oppressors; and what remains is animating and affecting to the last degree. The noble speech of Orlando to his devoted companions, the last benison of the holy Archbishop Turpin, the beautiful touch of true feeling which naturally produces the hero's execration of the fatal valley,* the successive deaths of the paladins, all marked by some circumstances of peculiar interest, the interesting episodes of the son of the Vecchio delle Montagne, and of the affectionate Baldwin, the three distressful blasts of the hero's horn, his final retreat from the field, his highly chivalrous and pathetic address to his dying horse, the awful solemnity of his last moments, and of the miracles which accompany his death, to say nothing of the wild gothic imagery of dæmons hovering over the field to catch the souls of expiring pagans, and the supernatural peals tolling from the church-tower for the deaths of the christian heroes, all these are bursts of such true poetic splendor and dignity, that, when from the bare recollection of them we turn to the faint and spiritless picture of Bernardo, hugging to death the invulnerable champion, we are unable to treat Mr. Belfour even with the common complaisance which he unquestionably deserves at our hands. In this temper of mind, we think it best

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* This done, Orlando vaulted on his steed,
And loud exclaim'd, "Now for our treacherous foes!"
But when he saw his comrades doom'd to bleed,
Some tender tears of human pity rose.
"Oh vale accurst!" he cried, "Oh vale, decreed
For orphan' sufferings and the widows' woes!
The latest ages shall thy name deplore,
And mark with blood till time shall be no more!"

to put an immediate period to our article, hoping that Mr. Belfour will leave the Spaniards to enjoy their own dull dreams of Bernardo and the rest of their visionary patriots undisturbed, and allow us to persevere in the more comfortable creed of our forefathers, as handed down to them from the founders of the French romance.

ART. VII. *The Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, with some of the Letters of her Correspondents. Part the first, containing her Letters from an early Age to the Age of Twenty-three. Published by Matthew Montagu, Esq. M. P. her Nephew and Executor.* London, Cadell and Davies, 1809. 2 vols.

THE amiable and accomplished writer of these letters was the 'daughter of Matthew Robinson, Esq. of West Layton, in Yorkshire, of Coveney, Cambridgeshire, and of Mount Morris, in Kent.' She was born at York in 1720, and in 1743 became the wife of Edward Montagu, Esq. grandson of the first earl of Sandwich.

'During her residence in Cambridgeshire she derived great assistance in her education from Dr. Middleton, the author of the Life of Cicero, whom her grandmother had taken as a second husband. Her uncommon sensibility and acuteness of understanding, as well as her extraordinary beauty as a child, rendered her an object of great notice and admiration in the university, and Dr. Middleton was in the habit of requiring from her an account of the learned conversations at which, in his society, she was frequently present; not admitting of the excuse of her tender age as a disqualification, but insisting that although at the present time she could but imperfectly understand their meaning, she would in future derive great benefit from the habit of attention inculcated by this practice.'

Mr. Robinson, her father, who had married at the age of eighteen, was at this time a fellow commoner in the university of Cambridge. Mrs. Montagu had seven brothers and two sisters, who survived her marriage. Her father was a man of a polished taste and cultivated understanding, but very subject to attacks of hypochondria, which was increased during his residence in the country, where he possessed fewer opportunities for exercising his talents for social conversation. The brothers as well as sisters of Mrs. Montagu seem to have evinced a strong attachment to literary pursuits—and their domestic circle accordingly often presented a struggle for the mastery in wit and argument. Mrs. Montagu's earliest

friend and correspondent was Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, only daughter and heiress of Edward, second earl of Oxford and Mortimer. This lady, who was born in 1714, and married in 1734, to William, second duke of Portland, was seven years older than Mrs. Montagu.

The earliest letter in this collection is dated Cambridge, April 6, 1732, when the writer wanted nearly six months of completing her twelfth year; and the last letter in the second volume was written September 16, 1744. No copies of these letters were kept by Mrs. Montagu herself, but part of them were returned during her life by the executors of the correspondents to whom they were addressed; and the rest have been recovered by the industry of her nephew and executor, to whom we are indebted for the present publication. None of the letters have the appearance of studied compositions. They seem not to have been written with difficulty, but with the utmost facility from the beginning to the end. The mind of the writer was never barren of ideas, nor sentiments, as too many of those who sit down to write letters usually are. Her intellectual store was never scant; and her fancy was so rich and various, that she could give novelty to the most trite ideas, and render the most common-place subjects attractive by new and beautiful combinations. But, though all the letters of Mrs. Montagu, in the present collection, were written in a very early period of her life, before her mental powers had reached that bloom of mature excellence which they afterwards attained, yet her vivacity and sprightliness never degenerate into wanton or licentious merriment. In the midst of her effusions of mirth and her sallies of wit, we find numerous remarks which indicate no common strength of reflection, and no common acquaintance with the human heart. The glitter of her gayety is seldom unaccompanied with the bullion of philosophic thought. Her mind possessed the versatility and the originality of genius. She could with equal felicity of thought and expression be either grave or gay, either playfully volatile or solemnly sedate. The letters of some other women may manifest as many ingenious turns, but it will be difficult indeed to name any female writer, in whose epistolary compositions we meet with more marks of intellectual vigour and discernment. She appears with an intuitive rapidity to have penetrated the characters of those who came in her way, and though she censures folly and vice without reserve, yet she always pays due homage to virtue and to talents. In her early letters she perhaps indulges a propensity to ridicule, and to find fault, which she would not have practised in a later period, when she had a more enlarged knowledge of the world, and the exercise of

her benevolent affections in the vexations and conflicts of life had entirely worn off the sharp edge of juvenile asperity. Her mind appears to have been highly embellished with a rich store of poetical imagery and sentiment; and in many of the letters in the present volumes there are specimens of allegorical painting, which are highly honourable to her genius and taste.

We will now pass from general praise to particular proofs of the different species of excellence which these letters possess. The following are from the first letters in the collection, and evince a facility of diction far beyond her years.

'This Cambridge is the dullest place, it neither affords any thing entertaining or ridiculous enough to put into a letter. Were it half so difficult to find something to say as something to write, what a melancholy set of people should we be who love prating!'

'*Horton, Jan.* 27, 173¼.

'I hope I shall have the pleasure of paying my respects to your ladyship soon, for though I am tired of the country, to my great satisfaction, I am not so much so as my papa; he is a little vapoured, and last night, after two hours silence, he broke out into a great exclamation against the country, and concluded in saying, that living in the country was sleeping with one's eyes open; if he sleeps all day I am sure he dreams very much of London. What makes this place more dull is, my brothers are none of them here; two of them went away about a fortnight ago, and ever since my papa has ordered me to put a double quantity of saffron in his tea. I beg you will not mention a word of this to my papa, when he has the honour of seeing you, for fear he should think I make too free with him.'

'*Horton, Feb.* 11, 1734.

'Dr. Middleton sends us word my papa's acquaintance wonder he has not the spleen; but they would cease their surprize if they knew he is so much troubled with it, that his physician cannot prescribe him any cordial strong enough to keep up his spirits. We think London would do it effectually, and I believe he will have recourse to it. But not seeing any want of spirits in me, he will not be troubled with my company. I have thought of feigning melancholy, but have considered, upon mature deliberation, that he would be so glad to find me silent, as never to let me stir again, lest I should return to my primitive talkativeness and impertinence.'

The following is to the Duchess of Portland, before the writer had attained the age of fourteen; and dated Horton, May 22, 1734.

'MADAM,

'I suppose by this time the town is empty enough to give you leisure to read a tedious letter from a country correspondent. I

have forborne writing, in compassion to your grace, but now I may be allowed to have some upon myself; but, such is my misfortune, I have nothing to entertain you with. If I should preach a sermon upon an old woman who died yesterday, you would think it a dry subject: or if I tell you my papa's dogs have devoured my young turkies, you will rather laugh at me than pity me; or should I give you an account of our bustle about the election, it would not entertain you extremely. I think I may tell you, our new members have given a ball, and I am very glad they met with success, since they have made so good an use of it. I was too far distant from the ball to go to it, which afflicted me more than either the loss of the old woman or the turkies.

'I am surprised that my answer to your grace's letter has never reached your hands. I sent it immediately to Canterbury by the servant of a gentleman who dined here, and I suppose he forgot to put it in the post. I am reconciled to the carelessness of the fellow, since it has procured to me so particular a mark of your concern. If my letter were sensible, what would be its mortification, that, instead of having the honour to kiss your grace's hands, it must lie confined in the footman's pocket, with greasy gloves, rotten apples, mouldy nuts, a pack of dirty cards, and the only companion of its sort, a tender epistle from his sweetheart, "tru tell Death." Perhaps by its situation subject to be kicked by his master every morning, till at last, by ill usage and rude company, worn too thin for any other use, it may make its exit in lighting a tobacco pipe. I believe the fellow who lost my letter knew very well how ready I should be to supply it with another. 'I am, Madam,

'your grace's most obedient servant,

'ELIZABETH ROBINSON.'

The next letter is also to the Duchess of Portland, and dated Horton, November 3, 1734.

'MADAM,

'I hope your grace will have no more returns of your fever, for though you may bear them with patience, I cannot; and I shall put on as musty a face at the fever, as Miss W—— could make at my incivility, or the absence of Dr. Sandys; to describe the horror of which, would require at least as tragic a bard as Lee: for then "she would look, good gods! how she would look!"

'I am extremely glad Lady Oxford* has found so much benefit by the Bath waters; we talked of going to Bath, but my papa is so well that it is laid aside. I am very glad my papa has recovered his health, or rather his spirits, for that was all he wanted; but I should have been better pleased if he had gone to Bath

* Henrietta Cavendish Holles, daughter and heiress of John Duke of Newcastle.

first, to have attributed his cure to that circumstance. One common objection to the country is, one sees no faces but those of one's own family; but my papa thinks he has found a remedy for that, by teaching me to draw; but then he husbands these faces in so cruel a manner, that he brings me sometimes a nose, sometimes an eye at a time; but on the king's birth-day, as it was a festival, he brought me out a whole face with its mouth wide open. If I could draw well enough, I would send Miss W. her own musty face. I am sorry Le Brun has not seen it, that he might have put it in his book of drawings among the faces that express the several passions; but he has none that express mustiness.

'Your grace desired me to send you some verses. I have not heard so much as a rhyme lately, and I believe the Muses have all got agues in this country; but I have enclosed you the following summons, which we sent to an old bachelor, who is very much our humble servant, and would die, but not dance for us; but being once in great necessity for partners, we thought him better than an elbow chair, and compelled him to come by this summons, which pleased me extremely, as I believe it was the first time he ever found the power of the fair sex. I must beg pardon of your grace for sending any thing so trifling. My papa and mamma desire their best respects to your grace. To make room for other nonsense, I must conclude my own, and only beg your grace to believe me,

'Madam,

'your most obedient humble servant,

'ELIZABETH ROBINSON.'

'*Kent.* *To J. B. Esq.*

'Whereas, complaint has been made to us, commissioners of her majesty's balls, hops, assemblies, &c. for the county aforesaid, that several able and expert men, brought up and instructed in the art or mystery of dancing, have and daily do refuse, though often thereunto requested, to be retained and exercised in the aforesaid art or mystery, to the occasion of great scarcity of good dancers in these parts, and contrary to the laws of gallantry and good manners in that case made and provided; and whereas, we are likewise credibly informed that you, J. B. Esq. though educated in the said art, by that celebrated master —— Lally, senior, are one of the most notorious offenders in this point, these are, therefore, in the name of the fair sex, to require you, the said J. B. Esq. personally to be and to appear before us at our meeting holden this day at the sign of the Golden Ball,* in the parish of Horton, in the county aforesaid, between the hours of twelve and one in the forenoon, to answer to such matters as shall be objected against you, concerning the aforesaid refusal, and contempt of our jurisdiction and authority; and to bring with you your dancing shoes, laced waistcoat, and white gloves. And

* It is the ball on the top of the house.

hereof fail not, under peril of our frown, and of being from henceforth deemed and accounted an old bachelor. Given under our hands and seals this eighth day of October, 1734, to which we all set our hands."

The following is taken from a letter to the Duchess of Portland, dated Horton, Dec. 1738; when Mrs. M. had reached the age of 18. It exhibits at the same time a specimen of her turn for reflection and for ridicule.

'I arrived at Mount Morris rather more fond of society than solitude. I thought it no very agreeable change of scene from Handel and Gaffarelli, to woodlarks and nightingales; it seems to me to be something like the different seasons of youth and age; first, noise and public shew, and then, after being convinced that is vanity, retirement to shades and solitude, which we soon find to be vexation of spirit. I think Solomon was in the wrong when he said all was vanity and vexation of spirit, he ought to have said all was vanity or vexation of spirit; for the one succeeds the other, as darkness does light, and especially in the women; the young maid is all vanity, and the old one all vexation. The same cheek which when blooming was the woman's vanity, when wrinkled becomes her vexation; but every thing has its use; were it not for wrinkles, what prudent maxims should we not lose which now instruct us? what scandal, which diverts us? for old maids have nothing to do but to shew their own prudence and other people's follies. You see how sententious I am grown only by a fortnight's retirement from the world. When the world has left me I shall speak only in proverbs, for if these things are done in a green tree what shall be done in a dry? Sir F. D——'s sister is to be married to Sir R—t A—n, a baronet of our country; if the size of his estate bore any proportion to the bulk of his carcass, he would be one of the greatest matches in England, but unhappily for her the first is as remarkably small as the other is large; so all she is to get for six thousand pounds is a fat man, a lean estate, and a trumpery title. Indeed a lady may make her lover languish till he is of the size she most likes; if she should waste him an ell in circumference, he would be almost as slim a man as Sir John C——n. At present you would take him for a descendant of Gog and Magog. As it is not now the fashion for men to die for love, the only thing a woman can do, to give herself a reputation, is to bring a man into a consumption. What triumph then must attend the lady who reduces Sir R. A—— to asses milk! Queen Omphale made Hercules spin, but greater glory waits the lady who makes Sir A—— lean.'

The following is from a letter written in the same year, and exhibits a seriousness of thought, which, in her, was blended with singular playfulness of disposition. The human

being is both reflective and social, and, in such a compound, wisdom is never incompatible with merriment.

'Between the periods of birth and burial I would fain insert a little happiness, a little pleasure, a little peace: to-day is ours, yesterday is past, and to-morrow may never come. I wonder people can so much forget death, when all we see before us is but succession; minute succeeds to minute, season to season, summer dies as winter comes. The dial marks the change of hour, every night brings death-like sleep, and morning seems a resurrection; yet while all changes and decays, we expect no alteration: unapt to live, unready to die, we lose the present and seek the future, ask much for what we have not, thank Providence but little for what we have; our youth has no joy, our middle age no quiet, our old age no ease, no indulgence; ceremony is the tyrant of this day, fashion of the other, business of the next. Little is allowed to freedom, happiness, and contemplation, the adoration of our Creator, the admiration of his works, and the inspection of ourselves.'

In a letter to the Rev. Mr. Freind, dated 1741, talking of matrimony, Mrs. Montagu says,

'I am not going to set sail yet; the ocean of fortune is rough, the bark of fortune light, the prosperous gale uncertain, but the pilot must be smooth, steady, and constant, patient in the storms, moderate and careful in the sunshine, and easy in the turns of the wind, and changes of the times. Guess if these things be easily found; and without such a guide, can I avoid the gulph of misfortune, the barking of envy, the deceits of the Syrens, and the hypocrisy of Proteus? So I wait on shore, scarce looking towards this land of promise, so few I find with whom I would risk the voyage.'

In a letter to the Duchess of Portland, of the same year, Mrs. M. writes,

'It is happy to be able to approach and magnify the objects of our wish; but, for the dark land of fear, I love to set it at a distance. There is a valley between us and the horizon of hope; such is the general prospect of life. Hope is a fine painter; it makes objects bigger and fairer than the reality; for the easy luxurious imagination it paints fair scenes of pleasure; to the covetous mind it promises much riches; and that which its nature never can feel, satiety of wealth. To the ambitious, it promises power, honour, and renown, and happy sway in the great realm of fame; to a mortal body it promises eternal remembrance; vain thought! But this hope can feed the wandering fancy with all variety of vision;'—

The following, on a prosing preacher, is expressed in a man-

ner which Shakspeare himself would not probably have disdained on a similar occasion.

'If Mr. Spintext had not been somewhat tedious to-day I had wrote to her; but, poor man, he is a good while explaining any thing, and one must wait till he has overtaken his meaning, to which he has not a direct road, nor a swift pace; if he finds it at last it is well, if not, he calls for it again the next Sunday: some orators are praised for moving the passions, but our good man is excellent for laying them asleep. With him the troubled in spirit sleep, and the wrathful slumber; there is not that turbulent mind that he cannot quiet; he is admirable against perturbation.'

The apology of Mrs. M. for the desponding turn of Cicero's mind, is not such as every literary woman would have made.

'Tully had not, in his misfortunes, a reliance on any immediate Providence as we have, nor so absolute a belief of a future life. His own prudence, and happy opportunity to act in, was all he had to trust to; if these failed him, his hopes were overthrown, and himself entirely discomposed; a stranger to that heavenly peace which the world cannot give, and doubtful of that life where those that mourn here shall be comforted.'

In the commencement of a letter to the Duchess of Portland, in 1741, we find the following effusion of a reflective and sensitive mind:

'I find, my dear lady duchess, the thorn of care is grafted on the tree of life; it grows on every part of existence; our childhood is fearful, and our maturer age is anxious; nor does fortune present us with a gift of which care has not the charge. Your verse says true and well, but there are evils which our best endeavours cannot prevent or cure, and such is that of foreboding care; we cannot shut our thoughts, like other visitors, because they are troublesome and importune. How shall our mind tell fear it is not at home? or anxiety that it cannot be spoken with? The most we can do is to be indifferent to trifles, and easy with ordinary accidents; but surely there are concerns that will touch every tender and sensible heart, even to a degree of pain and soreness.'

There is something of Shakspearian humour and point in the following:

'I have swallowed the weight of an apothecary in medicine; all the tribe of pills, beginning from the mighty bolus, powders of all tastes, electuaries of all consistencies, juleps of all kinds; and what I am the better, except more patient and less credu-

lous, I don't know; I have learnt to bear my infirmities, and not to trust to physicians for the curing them.'

What good sense and discrimination in the next remark! The countess of T.

'is in high humour, rails at the absent, frets at the present, and, in short, is quite unhappy through the abundance of her wit; people who in good fortune contrive to be miserable, are as much too exquisite in their senses as those to whom a rose is too sweet, or fine music too shrill; from this elegant sense of things, oh reason, preserve us!'

Mrs. Montagu has drawn a happy distinction between friendship and love in the following:

'The presence of a friend is delightful, their absence supportable; delicacy without jealousy, and tenderness without weakness, transports without madness, and pleasure without satiety. No fear that caprice should destroy what reason established; but even time, which perfects friendship, destroys love.'

The sprightliness of Mrs. M. is often exhibited in company with great acuteness of remark.

'I like an owl very often better than an alderman; a spaniel better than a courtier; and a hound is more sagacious than a fox-hunter; for the foxhunter is only the follower of another creature's instinct, and is but a second instrument in the important affair of killing a fox.'

To the Rev. Mr. Freind Mrs. M. writes,

'Why should you rather advise me to embark upon the sea of fortune in a wherry than in a ship? Are not shallows as dangerous as gulphs? Do not the sails, blown by the gale of prosperity, better stem the tide of the times than the little boat that depends upon the reflux of a little stream? The rich freight lies as securely at anchor while the small fishing boat is forced to put out in stormy weather, barked at by the Charybdis of power, and perhaps swallowed by the Scylla of law. The lofty cedar is only shook by the storms of heaven; the ivy is trod by every passenger. Perhaps I am a Babelist, and would build to my confusion; but at present, I own, if I am to be bound to a vessel, I wish it may be a first rate. I have no schemes at present in my head, but be assured they will always be consistent as much with private happiness as public opinion. I shall wear no jewel at my heart whose intrinsic value does not far exceed the gold it is set in; for mercenary as what I have said may appear, I shall ever think wisdom is better than gold, yea, than much fine gold.'

Mrs. M.'s description of an epicure is like the rest of her characteristic portraitures, very lively and forcible.

'We this day had an epicure to dine with us, who talked so much of eating, that his conversation gave me a dinner. The gentleman was just come from abroad, and declared he thought nothing he had met with in travelling equal to a haunch of English venison; and that for his part he preferred England to any other country, because eatables of all sorts were here in the greatest perfection. He was so loquacious and so voracious it was impossible to determine whether he eat or talked most, but for two hours his unwearied employment was the praise and practice of eating. There was not a proverb which tended to this darling subject that he did not repeat; but though he practises gluttony himself, he preaches abstinence to his family. One should imagine the daughters of an epicure would be better fed than taught, but that is not the case here; he prescribes lean meat and water, while he drinks wine and eats of the fat of the land.'

The following miscellaneous extracts from different letters, are very characteristic of the good sense, penetration, and vivacity of the writer.

'Riches and titles, with a little good opinion mixed up with flattery, and shook together once a day, will cure the most stubborn fit of humility.'

'Vanity is apt to seek the admirer rather than the friend, not considering that the passion of love may, but the affection of esteem can never, degenerate to dislike. I do not mean to exclude love, but I mean to guard against the fondness that arises from personal advantages. This may be distinguished from the consent of the mind to a joint admiration of the virtues and beauties of a mistress; for though they both pretend alike the admiration of the united qualifications, yet it is necessary to recollect whether the eyes did not choose for the mind. I have known many men see all the cardinal virtues in a good complexion, and every ornament of a character in a pair of fine eyes, and they have married these perfections, which, perhaps, might shine and bloom a twelvemonth, and then, alas! it appeared these fair characters were only written in white and red.'

'When I was last in town I passed great part of my time with Mrs. Freind. I found her surrounded by her husband's relations, and had like to have made some unhappy jest upon a ghost in cherry colour, who, it seems, was a cousin. I was not so uneasy about that, because I could philosophically have proved that without flesh and blood there can be no kindred, and this poor creature had hardly any of either. Mr. B——'s wife too was there, and put out her strength to be witty, and in short showed such a brilliant genius, that I turned about and

asked who it was that was so willing to be ingenious: for she had endeavoured to go off two or three times, but had unhappily flashed in the pan.'

'As for the tawdry human butterflies, they are not worth studying; for no microscope has yet been invented to discover their brains; and the object is too minute, I fear, ever to be rendered visible.'

How exactly is a witticism of Mrs. M. on some fruitless enterprise in her time applicable to the vanity of a recent expedition. 'I hope the next expedition will be mackarel season, and then we shall take something.' That compound of oddity, affectation, and folly which is often found in those who pass under the denomination of *pretty women*, has seldom been hit off better than in the following:

'If any one wishes to assume that character, they have only to pervert their sense, distort their faces, disjoint their limbs, mince their phrases, and lisp their words, and the thing is done. Grimaces, trite sentences, affected civility, forced gayety, and an imitation of good nature, complete the character.' 'Reason determines our arguments, but passion governs our actions.'

In 1741 Mrs. M. writes to her sister—

'I think it is fortunate for Mr. M. that you have given him a little respite from dancing in this hot weather: really you are a bad economist to waste lovers at that rate. Why you would wear a thin man to the bone in a week, and a fat man would distill as if he were in an alembic; and, let me tell you, a beau might make a sort of puppy-dog water very good for the complexion.'

Erasmus himself could not have written a more elegant and well-turned *encomium on vanity*, than we find in one of Mrs. M.'s letters to the Rev. Mr. Freind.

'It is impossible to live in such a state of indifference as not to love and admire somebody, and who should it be but one's dear inseparable self? After all, how transporting are the pleasures of vanity! It is the mirror that reflects one's image back with more than original charms. Narcissus, indeed, fell in love with his person reflected by a silver stream, but then it seems the youth was handsome; but vanity is a complaisant representative, that asks no native beauty in the object, but can render deformity itself agreeable to the self-beholder. Vanity acts the part of every kind of speculum; it lessens the defects, magnifies the beauty, and multiplies the merits. If the severe brow of wisdom repels thy airy phantoms, how welcome art thou still to the empty head and vacant heart, thou divine artificer of human happiness! Vanity is a moral mason, that of dirt and straw can build a palace wall; and from the worst materials raise the most superb architecture. Who would rob frail human nature of this great support?'

There is a great deal of fine moral instruction in the next extract, which, though common, is by no means common-place in the way in which it is expressed.

'The mind no more than the body can be sustained by the food taken yesterday, or promised for to-morrow. Every day ought to be considered as a period apart: some virtue should be exercised, some knowledge improved, and the value of happiness well understood; some pleasure comprehended in it; some duty to ourselves or others must be infringed if any of these things are neglected. Many look upon the present day as only the day before to-morrow, and wear it out with a weary impatience of its length. I pity these people who are ever in pursuit, but never in possession; and I think their happiness must arrive as we date our promises to children, when two to-morrows come together.'

The following thought may not be new; but we have never seen it so forcibly expressed:

'I wish we were as much afraid of unbending the mind as we are of relaxing our nerves. I should as soon be afraid of stretching a glove till it was too strait, as of making the understanding and capacity narrow by extending it to things of a large comprehension; yet this is a common notion.'

Whoever described the nature and the effect of *happy society* with so much elegance as this incomparable woman? to whose transcendent genius it gives us singular pleasure to pay the homage it deserves. 'Her's is the distaff that spins the golden thread as well as the scissors that cut it.'

A letter to the Duchess of Portland, dated Jan. 15, 1741-2, has the following eloquent passage:

'For all the good things you do, no heart does better thank you than mine, and, let me tell your grace, there is nothing belongs to me so good as my heart. As for being the guest of my head, and the chief image of my fancy, 'tis true you are so, but the place and the company there are unworthy of you; enthroned in my brain sits many a prejudice triumphant, much space entirely void, a desolate waste: some corners stuffed with lumber, and littered with unsorted matter; things by haste misshapen, by idle memory deformed, by ignorance darkened, or by error and folly strangely disguised; reason deposed by will, judgment manacled in the bonds of prejudice, reflection busied about trifles, fancy running wild, observation looking through false colours, and confounding and mistaking objects, discretion sitting idle, because reason's comparative rule and balance are taken from her, and whim is doing all the business, while chance is sending her on a fool's errand. But my heart, I can boast, is fitter for your reception; it is filled with fair affections, love and gratitude wait on you, esteem holds you fast, regard will never part with you, tenderness watches you, fidelity, and every honest

power is ready to serve you, the passions are all under the gentle sway of friendship. Many guests my heart has not admitted; such as are there do it honour, and a long and intimate acquaintance has preceded their admittance: they were invited in by its best virtues, they passed through the examination of severity, nay, even answered some questions of suspicion that inquired of their constancy and sincerity, but now they are delivered over to the keeping of constant faith and love; for doubt never visits the friend entered, but only examines such as would come in, lest the way should be too common. There are many ways into my heart, and but one out, which is to be forced but by outrageous injury, or breach of trust reposed.'

The allegorical painting, in the next sentence, is pleasing and appropriate.

'In our youth gentle expectation and kind hope, like soft zephyrs, fan our minds, but fear often waters our tender wishes with sad tears: in the maturer seasons of life passions grow strong and violent, though more constant; in the decline appears melancholy decay; softness and strength gone off, while dismal age brings despair of amendment, and makes the pleasure of youth and profit of the riper age forgotten; unpleasant, unprofitable, uncomfortable, dark and dreary in itself, an enemy to every thing in nature, churlish and unkind, it casts no benevolent beams, but blows rude and biting blasts.'

Hope has often employed the pen of poets, moralists, and divines, but the agency of hope has seldom been delineated with more force and truth than by Mrs. Montagu.

'Hope is a vagrant that prefers begging from place to place, and gathering morsels, to living at home on fair means with content; it is a vagabond without an honest calling or an abiding place; it cheats us of the present good, and makes beggars of those fortune has made princes. What have we, who are here but for to-day, to do with the eternal promises for to-morrow? Get thee gone from me, thou restless guest, that cannot live with content upon possession! leave me content for my companion, and I will not ask thee to come as a flatterer; take fear along with thee, as fanciful a creature as thyself, who destroys what is real with a more painful deceit than thou buildest what is but imaginary; each are equally enemies to content. I have more compassion for those who fear to be miserable, than for such as are impatient to be happy; examples of misery are to be met with, but of absolute happiness none; such as have overcome those intruders of quiet, hope and fear, are the nearest to happiness; they have reached content.'

The following is extracted from a letter to the Duchess of Portland; and may serve in some measure as an apology for

those reviewers, who are not prone to panegyrize authors who are destitute of brains. 'A commended fool is that offensive compound, a sweet and a stink.'

The next passage which we shall produce is very sprightly and eloquent.

"In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy." 'Wisdom's cup is often dash'd with sorrow, but the nepenthe of stupidity is the only medicine of life; fools neither are troubled with fear nor doubt. What did the wisdom of the wisest man teach him? Verily, that all was vanity and vexation of spirit! A painful lesson fools will never learn, for they are of all vanities most vain. And there is not so sweet a companion as that same vanity: when we go into the world it leads us by the hand, if we retire from it, it follows us; it meets us at court, and finds us in the country; commends the hero that gains the world, and the philosopher that forsakes it; praises the luxury of the prodigal, and the prudence of the penurious; feasts with the voluptuous, fasts with the abstemious; sits on the pen of the author, and visits the paper of the critic; reads dedications, and writes them; makes court to superiors, receives homage of inferiors; in short, it is useful, it is agreeable, and the very thing needful to happiness. Had Solomon felt some inward vanity, sweet sounds had been ever in his ears without the voices of men-singers, or women-singers; he had not then said of laughter, what is it? and of mirth, what doth it? Vanity, and a good set of teeth, would have taught him the ends and purposes of laughing,' &c. &c.

The commencement of a letter to the Duchess of Portland, dated Nov. 28, 1742, is very beautiful.—

'I am very sorry I have not received all the letters your grace has been so good as to write to me; Fate received them into her left hand, and I am deprived of them. I am glad to hear your spirits are better; may circling joys dance round your fireside,

> With sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter, holding both his sides!

for life is too short to allow for melancholy fears and intruding cares, which are apt to fill up the youthful time, when we are fittest for happiness. Age will bring its solemn train of woe; let us therefore admit all youth's gay company, smiling joy, cheerful mirth, and happy hope; life's early hours come dancing along with their fair partner pleasure, but in the evening of our day they tread a heavy measure, dragging after them weak infirmity and sad regret,

> 'Expence, and after thought, and idle care,
> And doubts of motley hue, and dark despair.'

What a fund of instruction is there in the following remarks!

'Those who endeavour to reconcile the good wife with the reputation of a beauty, a toast, a wit, and I know not what, have the art of bringing together things in their nature contrary.' 'If our spirit of love once gets out of the ark, like Noah's dove, it finds no resting-place; our family and friends are those from whom we must expect happiness; the rest is a raree-show,' &c.

How beautiful, and how just is the observation, that

'exalted and refined sentiments do sometimes great things; but natural affection is always present, and therefore the life of the parent is always of infinite consequence to the infant, since no one can take the place of a mother; *the tenderness that lives in her, must die with her.*'

'It is of great consequence to a woman to keep off all disagreeable manners, for the world does not mind our intrinsic worth so much as the fashion of us, and will not easily forgive our not pleasing. The men suffer for their levity in this case, for in a woman's education little but outward accomplishment is regarded. Some of our sex have an affectation of goodness, others a contempt of it from their education; but the many good women there are in the world are merely so from nature; and, I think, it is much to the honour of untaught human nature, that women are so valuable for their merit and sense. Sure the men are very imprudent to endeavour to make fools of those to whom they so much trust their honour, happiness, and fortune; but it is the nature of mankind to hazard their peace to secure their power; and they know fools make the best slaves.'

The remarks which we shall next adduce, on the necessity of mutual charity and forbearance in matters of opinion, are strikingly just.

'All inquisition into a person's actions or opinions, more than they choose to declare, is of a very tyrannous nature; and a peevish opposition to the opinions they do declare, is very opposite to the end of conversation. It is from this reason there is little charity among different sects; we are not angry that our neighbour is in the wrong, but that he thinks us so. Were the liberty to dissent allowed without mark or notice, we should scarce know there was any difference of opinion among men. It would be very ridiculous if all the squinting people in the world were to profess enmity to the rest of the world, or be treated as enemies, because they cannot make their eyes meet on the same point that others, not liable to that infirmity, do. If we direct our steps aright, why should we quarrel about the landmarks that direct us?'

We have made numerous extracts from these letters but not more than they deserve. We have selected many of their beauties, but many remain which we have left unnoticed. A reviewer can furnish only specimens of the best books which come under his inspection, and, where the passages which he thinks would interest or instruct, are very numerous, the choice is often difficult; and while he is endeavouring to form a correct estimate of the reasons which should determine his preference, he may perhaps neglect that criterion of merit which his sensations suggested on a primary perusal. Reviewers, like other men, are liable to err in points of judgment and of taste; and if their decisions, when impartially formed, have any claim to more attention than those of other individuals, it can only be because those who have been long practised in the business of reviewing, must have instituted more numerous comparisons on subjects of literature and criticism than other men usually do, and have thus quickened and invigorated their perceptions of beauty or deformity. We may be mistaken in our estimate of the literary excellence of the different female writers which this country has produced; but we do not at present recollect any one who can justly claim a place of higher distinction than Mrs. Montagu.

The present volumes, which commence at a very early age, and do not extend beyond that of twenty-three, may justly be called youthful productions; but juvenile as they may be with respect to the age of the writer, they exhibit proofs of sagacity, judgment, and reflection, a knowledge of life, a discrimination of character, a comprehension of view, and an acuteness of observation, and all these qualities blended with an exuberance of fancy and a copiousness of diction, which render her unrivalled among epistolary writers.

We have no doubt that this encomium, which is amply merited by these productions of her early life, will be more fully justified by those of her maturer years.

ART. VIII.—*Pharmacopœia Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinensis.* MDCCCIX. Londini, Longman, 4to.—*The Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians of London,* MDCCCIX. *Translated into English, with Notes, &c. by Richard Powell, M. D. Fellow of the College, Physician to St. Bartholomew's and the Magdalen Hospitals.* 8vo. London, Longman, 1809.

THE London College have not been hasty in revising their Pharmacopœia and publishing this new edition of it. Two-

and-twenty years have elapsed since the last revision of the work. The interval, indeed, between the last and the antecedent edition was nearly double that time. But the sciences allied to medicine, chymistry in particular, have undergone so great a revolution since 1787, that it seemed absolutely necessary to revise and correct many processes both chymical and pharmaceutical, and to make medicine speak a language conformable to the properties of its instruments, and intelligible not merely to the physician and the apothecary, but to men of science in general. Perhaps some will be disposed to accuse the College rather of tardiness than of precipitancy in the execution of this task.

The Edinburgh College have reformed their dispensatory, accommodated its nomenclature to the received principles of chymistry, and subjected it to two or three revisions within the space of as many years. Lately the Dublin College have published, for the first time (we believe), a pharmacopœia, constructed on similar principles. Many of the foreign ones have likewise adopted the modern nomenclature. Notwithstanding these examples, we are far from censuring the London College for their slowness in adopting innovations. Even the principles of a just nomenclature are hardly fixed on an immoveable foundation; and it is probable that the theories of the present day will give way to others more new or more correct. Their tardiness also is attended with the great advantage, that what ten years ago would have seemed to many fantastical novelties, are now universally known, received, and regarded as fundamental truths; so that the difficulty of their admission either in pharmacy or medical prescription is for the most part removed; and there seems little danger of error, unless it be in persons so ill educated, as to be unfit to be trusted behind an apothecary's counter.

We agree with Dr. Powell, that it is greatly to be wished that a Pharmacopœia Britannica, to which practitioners throughout the whole empire might refer, could be established. We think that he has overrated the difficulties attending the execution of such a work. We apprehend a mandate from the imperial parliament, with a proper remuneration to those who would give up their time to attend to the business, would be the most essential requisites for the undertaking. The dispensatories of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin have so much in common, and the compilers of them of necessity draw their information so much from the same sources, that we conceive it would be a task of little difficulty completely to amalgamate them.

The preface forms no mean part of a new edition of a

pharmacopœia, since it is the only one which is absolutely new. It is intended to exhibit the scholarship of the writer; and to state in some degree the progress of the art. The present, which is said to be the composition of the president, Sir L. Pepys, is superior, we think, to the last, though it issued from the able pen of Sir G. Baker. The latinity is less stiff, and less loaded with phrases. The claims to public utility are put with extreme humility.

'Nobis certè laboris et curarum præmia suavissima comparabuntur, si qualiacunque hæc sint, utilitati publicæ conducent, et vel hoc præstare videantur, ut morborum remedia **paulò certiora* indicantur, morbi ipsi **paulò citiùs* mitigentur.'

We think it would have been well, if the translator had shewn as prudent a reserve. He tells us of 'the vast increase of our knowledge in practical medicine.' *p. iii. preface.* We always wish to hear of the great improvements of medicine from any other quarters than from those who are interested in upholding its credit. Let us have documents from hospitals or dispensaries, to shew what diseases are now cured, which were formerly either intractable or fatal. But perhaps we may say a word more on this subject, after we have taken a survey, of necessity a very slight and cursory survey, of the principal novelties of this edition.

The first novelty we remark is a set of new names for the divisions of liquid measures, in order to avoid using the same words to denote different things. For the wine pint the term *octarius* has been coined: the *uncia* and *drachma* are termed *fluid-uncia* and *fluid-drachma*; and the sixtieth part of the *fluid-drachma* is called a *minimum*. Perhaps the last change was necessary; as drops ought certainly to be banished from pharmacy. But the others we think trifling, and unworthy of the gravity of the college. The inconvenience felt from the former terms was really nothing. What apothecary's boy, if asked for an ounce of bark, would have taken his liquid measure; or, for an ounce of the tincture, would have gone to his weights and scales?

In the materia medica the college have followed the most useful, though perhaps the least regular and scientific method, in their denomination of vegetable articles. If the received officinal name is either the generic or specific name of the Linnæan system, it has been retained; but where it is neither, the old officinal name has been discarded, and a new one imposed, being either the generic or the specific name of the plant

* The modest *paulò* is wholly omitted in Dr. Powell's translation.

which affords the article. Thus we have *Acaciæ gummi* instead of *Arabicum gummi; anthemidis flores* instead of *chamæmelum; armoraciæ radix* instead of *raphanus rusticanus; conii folia* instead of *cicuta.* The practice of the edition of 1745 is also renewed, in putting in the first column the name of the plant (in the genitive case), followed by the part used (in the nominative); whereas in the last edition the name of the plant was used as an officinal name for the part used: *Cinchona*, for example, denoted the *bark* of the *Cinchona lancifolia.* The practice which is restored is undoubtedly the best. But we cannot help remarking, that this arrangement has caused the useless repetition of a number of words in the second column of the catalogue, which contains the Linnæan genus and species. Thus we have Glycyrrhizæ radix. Glycyrrhiza glabra, with the word *radix* again subscribed, very needlessly we think;—Jalapæ radix. Convolvulus Jalapa. *Radix*;—and so on through the whole list. In consequence of this, the catalogue is swelled in bulk, though the articles are really, by reason of the omissions, less numerous than in the last edition.

We have taken the trouble to form a list of the articles omitted. Of vegetable substances the following are discarded. *Abrotanum, absynthium maritimum angelica, arnica, arum, bardana, caryophyllum rubrum, cinara, cochlearia hortensis, cubeba, curcuma, eryngium, foenum Græcum, ginseng, gratiola, hypericum, iris, juglans, ladanum, majorana, marum, syriacum, melissa, mellipeda, nasturtium, pareira brava, parietaria, pentaphyllum, petroselinum, ribes nigrum, ribes rubrum, rubus idæus, salvia, sanguis draconis, santonicum, scordium, sium, tanacetum, urtica, zedoaria.*

We find introduced, *Belladonnæ folia, cajuputi oleum, carbo ligni, cerevisiæ fermentum, cuspariæ (vulgo angusturæ) cortex, dolichi pubes, dulcamara, euphorbiæ gummi resina, fucus, humuli strobili, hyoscyamus, lichen, linum catharticum, salicis cortex.*

The animal matters omitted are, *Chelæ cancrorum, corallium rubrum, icthyocolla* and *sarcocolla.*

Of minerals or chymical preparations, *Bolus gallicus, minium* and *stanni pulvis* are omitted; *arsenici oxydum, calx, lapis calcareus*, and *sapo mollis* are introduced.

We cannot see why both *Creta* and *Lapis calcareus* should be admitted; and why did the College spare the Testæ ostreorum, when they determined to exulate the *Chelæ cancrorum* and the Corallium rubrum?

Notwithstanding so much rubbish has been swept away

and thrown into the kennels, much remains to be treated in the same way, when the masters or mistresses (if you please) of medicine again choose to pry into the corners and slut-holes of their pharmaceutical kitchen.

In the new arrangement, the chymicals occupy the post of honour, in the following order:—Acids; alkalies and salts, with alkaline bases; earths and salts, with earthy bases; (so we think ought these preparations to have been denominated, alkalia et sales cum basibus alkalinis, &c. and not, as it is in the pharmacopœia, alkalia & *eorum* sales, terræ et earum sales), preparations of sulphur, metals and *their* (metallic) salts.

There is one preparation only of acetic acid, it having been proved that the two formerly directed, differ only in the degree of concentration. Still, as the former concentrated acid (the aromatic vinegar) was both pleasant and useful, we see not why it should be discarded.

Scheele's process for preparing the Benzoic acid, has been substituted for the old method of sublimation.

The citric acid, or concrete lemon juice, is now introduced.

The processes for the distillation both of the muriatic and nitric acids are greatly improved.

The names of the acids remain nearly as they were: but the two fixed alkalies have received their regular chymical designations. The vegetable alkali is called potassa; which the College seem to have adopted with fear and trembling. "Horridum quid ac barbarum sonare," is a lamentation extorted from them. The word is at least as good as *alkalia*, except that it is rather newer. The mineral alkali is very properly called soda. Ammonia remains. The salts have received their appropriate names, sulphates, nitrates, muriates, &c. But we find, what we cannot help terming a frivolous deviation from common custom and propriety of speech; namely, the word denoting the species of the salt is placed after the base, and not, as it is usual, before it. Thus we have potassæ sulphas, potassæ carbonas, &c. instead of sulphas potassæ, and carbonas potassæ. It is pretended that the principal word ought to be first, to prevent the chance of error; but we say, the specific word preceding could give no chance of error; or if it do, the chance is just the same from the precedence of the base, as of the acid combined with it. Nor are the College consistent with themselves, for, upon the same principle, they should say, antimonii oxydum, ferri ammoniati tinctura, ferri vinum, and even amygdalæ oleum, lini oleum, &c.

A solution of salt is called liquor, and not aqua, as in the last edition. Thus the aqua ammoniæ acetatæ is now liquor ammoniæ acetatis.

The former aqua ammoniæ, now liquor ammoniæ carbonatis, is directed to be made by merely dissolving the carbonate in distilled water. As this may be done extemporaneously, the necessity of such a preparation is not evident.

The process for preparing the solution of caustic ammoniæ is improved. The strength of this solution is now much greater than formerly.

We find a new salt, under the title of supersulphate of potash, introduced, or rather the sal enixum of old dispensatories revived. We think that we have too many salts already. All the supposed benefits of this may be obtained by adding a little sulphuric acid to the sulphate of potash, or dissolving the sulphate in the common infusum rosæ.

We think specific directions should have been given under the title of potassæ sub-carbonas or tartaro, for the preparation of a tolerably pure alkali, instead of the short and insufficient directions added both in this and former editions, to the process for the common sub-carbonate of potash.

The elegant preparation of Berthollet of potash crystallized, by saturation with carbonic acid, is now first ordered. Solutions of this salt, or of soda similarly prepared, have all the virtues of the soda water, prepared by Schweppe and others, and if a bitter acid be added to the solutions at the moment of drinking them, they are quite as pleasant.

The salts formed by the medium of tartar retain their old appellation of tartarized salts; being triple compounds, it would have been inconvenient to have expressed their proper composition. The other additions to the salts are sodæ subcarbonas exsiccata, and sodæ carbonas.

The College have thought fit to expunge the title of aquæ medicatæ. They have therefore been obliged to introduce, very awkwardly, we think, solutions of salts used as washes, among the regular chymical preparations. Such are the old aq. aluminos. bateana, the common saturnine lotion; and another calx is transferred from the materia medica, and liquor calcis from the infusions to its proper place.

The College have retained sulphur præcipitatum, which both the colleges of Dublin and Edinburgh have expunged, as not differing essentially from common sublimed sulphur. We think it would have been right to follow their example.

We come next to metals and metallic salts. The first is the very important one—antimony. The former preparations of the oxyd of antimony are expunged; the antimonium cal-

cinatum, the antimonium vitrifactum, and the crocus antimonii; one oxyd only is prepared by digesting the sulphuret in nitro-mutriatic acid, and precipitating the muriate, which is formed by water. This is the old pulvis algaroth. This powder is made the basis of the antimonium tartarizatum. The vinum antimonii is expunged. In the vinum antimonii tartarizati, the proportion of the water to the wine is increased, but the strength of the solution is unchanged. We think that the College deserve great credit for the simplicity introduced in the manipulation of this active mineral.

The horror of poisons seems completely conquered. We doubt whether the sentiment has not been succeeded by a false security. The most virulent of minerals, arsenic, has at length been elevated to the rank of a regular medicine. The first form is arsenici oxydum præparatum; the white arsenic is ordered to be purified by sublimation. Arsenic, as it is found in the shops, leaves so small a residuum (apparently a little earth) that we believe this preparation needless, and founded only on presumption. For use, Fowler's mineral solution, under the title of liquor arsenicalis, is ordered. We think the arseniate of potash would have been a better preparation; being less active, the proper dose would have been of a more manageable magnitude.

Another preparation, now first admitted, is the cuprum ammoniatam; if not so deleterious, its acrimony is almost equal to that of arsenic, nor does it seem to retain its character for curing epilepsy, for which it was at one time so much extolled.

We find an excellent form of a steel medicine, under the name of ferri carbonas; it is a simple precipitate from sulphate of iron. Another useful medicine is given under the title of liquor ferri alkalini. Its composition has not been exactly ascertained, but it seems to be a triple salt, formed by the union of nitric acid, with red oxyd of iron, and with potash. Its particular use is intended to be in combination with vegetable solutions; which, from containing gallic acid, decompose and form black compounds with all the salts of iron.

In the article of mercury we meet with several changes. The acetate of mercury is discarded, as in the hydrargyrus muriatus mitis; both novelties of the last edition. Corrosive sublimate, called, in the last edition, hydrargyrus muriatus, is now termed hydrargyri oxymurias. This is chymically incorrect. Calomel is called hydrargyri submurias; so that, by this account, there exists no simple muriate of mercury. We have a liquor hydrargyri oxymuriatis. This is done in order

to facilitate the administration of divisions of the grain of this active medicine.' We think pills a much better form of a medicine, which so readily nauseates, and the College would have done well to have introduced such a form; a very good one may be found in the Edinburgh physical and literary Essays, we think, by Dr. Gardiner. Another preparation now admitted is the hydrargyri oxydum cinacum, formed by digesting calomel in lime water. It is intended to be used principally for fumigation, in imitation of the fumigating powder of Lalonetta. But the hydrargyrus cum sulphure (æthiops mineral) and the hydrargyrus vitriolatus (turbith mineral) are expunged.

On the subject of lead, we find nothing but changes of nomenclature. The stannum pulveratum is expunged. The sulphate of zinc is directed to be made by dissolving the metal in sulphuric acid, and crystallizing the salt. We doubt not that the chymists will still prefer the ordinary salt of commerce, as cheaper, and very easily purified from foreign ingredients. Is it quite certain that the metallic zinc is free from heterogeneous matters? If this has not been ascertained, the College have, in this article, directed a circuitous process to no purpose.

So much for the chymical part of this work. It must be granted, that much pains have been taken to introduce the most improved and scientific processes; and that in the nomenclature a middle course has been judiciously taken; the names received by the consent of the men of science have been adopted, where a rigid adherence to system would not produce any serious practical inconvenience. A very brief notice of what may in strictness be called the pharmaceutical part of the work is requisite.

In the preparations of the oils (fixed and volatile) and distilled waters, we find no important change. One distilled water, aqua carui, is properly restored from the edition of 1745. There are three new decoctions; the first of them, decoctum aloës compositum, is a very agreeable vehicle for an aloetic aperient. A distinct chapter of infusions is given, the number of which is extended to most of the articles in common use, and the strength of each accommodated to the most usual standards of practice; this will be found a great convenience to the prescriber. The mucilages are separated from the infusions.

A considerable addition is made to the extracts. The word is extended to comprise what were called succi spissati. Preparations of the narcotic plants are given in this form—aconitum, belladonna and hyoscyamus; we fear that the fame

of these drugs is extinct, even before they have been honoured with this official acknowledgment of their existence. To these are added extracts of rhubarb, aloes, sarsaparilla, and taraxacum. Did the College consult their dignity, when they admitted the extractum humuli, upon the slender and prejudiced recommendation of M. Freke, supported by two or three civil letters from as many of their fellows? A simple extractum colocynthidis is given for the first time, which was a great desideratum, and by restoring an extract of opium, made by cold infusion in water, from the edition of 1720, we are supplied with an excellent medicine, which seems to produce the sedative effect of opium, with little subsequent derangement of the nervous system.

Among the mixtures have been introduced the popular steel medicine, called Griffith's antihectic. We see no good reason why this should not have continued an object of extemporaneous prescription.

There are several new tinctures: those of capsicum, digitalis, guaicum (without ammonia), and kino are very properly admitted.

A new chapter is given under the title of ætherea, which are rightly separated from the spiritus distillati. In the edition of 1787, the process for making the æthereal oil, (the oleum vini) was most strangely separated from that, for the production of æther, though they are only different stages of the same process. The spiritus ætheris vitriolici was first produced, and the æther procured from the spirit; now the æther is procured by the first process, and the other compositions are formed upon it; this is more scientific, but we believe that no harm would have been done had all the preparations except the simple æther been discarded. To suppose that the spiritus ætheris sulphurici or the spiritus ætheris compositus (Hoffman's anodyne) have any medicinal qualities distinct from æther is surely a superstition.

Here we may take our leave of this new edition of the London Pharmacopœia, the remaining alterations being of little moment; nor do our limits permit us to say more than a very few words on Dr. Powell's translation. It were an act of injustice to deny that the notes which he has added to his translation contain much valuable matter, and prove their author to possess a large store of chymical and pharmaceutical knowledge; but we think that Dr. Powell had not, in the execution of his task, formed a correct estimate of what was really required of him. He ought, in our opinion, to have merely confined himself to such explanations as he thought useful to assist the operator, in cases where the brevity neces-

sary to the original might be likely to cause obscurity and misconception; instead of this, he has thought it incumbent on him to take the articles of the original as a text, and deliver a chymical lecture on each. Thus we have a page and a half of note given in the first article, the distillation of acetic acid, which hardly required a line. A dispensatory is not an elementary book of chymistry; those who wish for elementary information, must apply to the proper sources. We think then that Dr. Powell has done too much; in consequence the work has been very improperly swelled. The sale of this book is a forced sale. Apothecaries are required to possess it, and we do not think it quite correct to levy a tax upon individuals of one penny beyond the necessity of the case.

Dr. Powell has added some very useful tables to the work, but to one of them our objection is insuperable; it is entitled, 'Essential, generic, and specific Characters of Plants received into the Catalogue of Materia Medica, arranged alphabetically.' This is wholly useless, and can serve no purpose on earth, except to augment the bulk of the volume.

We are compelled to notice also some inexcusable blunders which Dr. Powell has committed, in calculating the doses of more active and deleterious drugs. If great caution is ever necessary, it is surely in the administration of the oxymuriate of mercury (sublimate) and arsenic. The liquor hydrargyri oxymuriatis contains eight grains of the salt in 16 fluid-ounces of liquid. 'Half an ounce of it,' says Dr. P. (he has already forgot the new coined term of *fluid-ounce*) 'contains one-eighth of a grain of the salt.' In our arithmetic it contains one-fourth of a grain. In the liquor arsenicalis 'each ounce (why again not fluid-ounce?) contains four grains of the oxyd.'—right! and 'each drachm (fluid-drachm) one-eighth of a grain.' Each fluid-drachm contains half a grain. How often can the translator have really prescribed this solution? Had he done so twice in his life, he could hardly have fallen into such gross and dangerous mistakes.

One reflection has pressed itself upon us from the survey we have taken of this work. Proceeding as it does from a body of men, who, from their learning, talents, and situation, may be considered as a sort of representatives of the great body of the faculty of this kingdom, we may regard it as a standard of the present state of medicine, as practised in England. If any real improvements had been made in practical medicine, in this book would have been found the infallible marks and criterions of them. But what is the fact? That the edition of 1787 was much improved upon that of 1745, it is not very easy to prove; but it must be allowed that the present is

in many points a real improvement upon the edition of 1787: but is it that medicine has acquired new and more powerful instruments? no such thing; except the preparations of arsenic, which are powerful enough to *destroy*, we know not that we possess one medicine of acknowledged power which was not in the hands of our predecessors. Some are now, for the first time, admitted into the London Pharmacopœia, which have been in universal use for fifty years or upwards. Such are the pilulæ hydrargyri sub-muriatis, the well-known Plummer's pill. Griffith's steel mixture is another example of the same kind. Some are now restored, which, twenty years ago, were thought unworthy to retain their place in our national dispensatory. Such is the elixir vitrioli dulce of the pharmacopœia of 1745, which was expunged from that of 1787, and is now re-admitted under the name of spiritus ætheris aromaticus. Some substances, which are now expunged, have in their day been extolled almost as universal medicines. Ginseng, which, having fallen into disuse, is very properly discarded, is regarded by the Chinese as the most sovereign remedy, and is esteemed a general corroborant and restorative: and it is easy to foresee that some substances, which fashion has brought forward as excellent medicines, will possess only an ephemeral reputation. Twenty years hence the physicians of the day will inquire, probably with a smile, what could induce their immediate predecessors to consider the lichen, the humulus, the hyoscyamus, to be substances possessing any medicinal powers?

The gentlemen, who for two years devoted many hours to the preparation of this edition, have shewn, by the gratuitous labour they bestowed, a due sense of the duties imposed upon them by the station they hold in society. But how were they really employed? Sometimes undoubtedly in the useful occupation of examining the results of chymical and pharmaceutical processes; and in consequence, perhaps their emetic tartar is of more uniform strength, perhaps their mercurial ointment is better triturated, perhaps their sulphur ointment is of a more proper consistence—all good things in their way, no doubt. But we have reason to think, that many, many more hours were consumed, in debating whether their liquid measure should be called uncia or fluid-uncia; whether the word carbonas should precede potassæ, or potassæ should go before carbonas; whether confectio was a more proper term than electuarium; in polishing their latinity; in consulting Celsus and Pliny, or turning over the leaves of Stephens and Scapula. All this was no unbecoming occupation for gentlemen and scholars, about to commit their reputation to the public

censure; but they were about of as great importance to the public health, as whether the sittings of the College should be held in Warwick Lane or in Pall Mall.

Where then is the proof of 'the vast increase of our knowledge in practical medicine?' We find none; we find quite the contrary; and should rather conclude that for the last century, medicine, as an art, has been stationary; that what was true in Lord Bacon's time, that in medicine there has been much iteration, but little progression, has been nearly true likewise in our own. If there has been any real improvement in the art of medicine, it has been quite of an opposite kind. Physicians, as they have become more enlightened, have become also more and more sensible of the power of nature and the impotence of art; they have perceived that cures are performed more by the strength of the constitution than by the operation of drugs; and that not to be too officious is the wisest rule that can commonly be followed in attendance upon the sick.

ART. IX.—*Poemata Selecta Italorum, qui seculo decimo sexto latine scripserunt, nonnullis adnotationibus illustrata.* Oxonii, Slatter and Mundy. Londini, Longman, &c. 1808.

IT was a natural consequence of the revival of letters, that the imitation of the classics, as it was at that period new and generally practised, should be also vigorous and successful. What is now the task of school-boys and under-graduates, was, at that period, the favourite study of men ripe in judgment, of much experience in the world, high birth and dignified station, deep learning, and various accomplishments. Pursuits of this nature afforded the readiest approach to the table and good graces of the reigning pontiff, who was no less distinguished by his care in fostering the interests of the republic of letters, than his talents in administering the affairs of the holy see.* By that enlightened judge, the characters of the scholar and politician were not deemed irreconcilable. If they be found so now, it must have happened either because the distinguished men of later times have wanted diligence and perseverance, or because the increase of population, in this as in many other instances, by removing the necessity of

* Et fuit id Leoni perjucundum: qui explorata haberet illorum ingenia et solitus esset interdum severitatem imperii, atque acres generis humani curas eruditis hisce voluptatibus temperare.—*Stradæ Prolus*, vi. l. ii.

uniting different professions in one person, has destroyed the motive to the thorough and individual acquirement of various qualifications. The authors of the poems selected by the editor of the volume under consideration were no less what is termed men of business than literary characters. A manly spirit reigns throughout their poetical compositions. When the barbarous style of the ages which preceded, and the pedantry and affectation of those that followed, are contrasted with the purity and refinement of their diction and sentiments, the mind is struck with a pleasing wonder, and, like Dante, when traversing the regions of eternal pain

> " he kenn'd
> A flame that o'er the darken'd hemisphere
> Prevailing shined"—

is prompted to inquire, " who are these, that boast such honour, separate from all the rest?" A passage in Flaminio, one of the most distinguished in this bright school of poesy, shews that they were themselves surprised at their success, in a season unfavourable for the development of genius.

> " Quis putasset,
> Post tot sæcula tam tenebricosa,
> Et tot Ausoniæ graves ruinas,
> Tanta lumina tempore uno in una
> Tam brevi regione Transpadana
> Oriri potuisse? quæ vel ipsa
> Sola barbarie queant fugata
> Suum reddere litteris latinis,
> Splendorem, veteremque dignitatem.
>
> " Who would have deem'd it possible,
> That after numerous ages dark as night,
> And sad Ausonia's oft repeated ruin,
> Such luminaries should at once arise,
> In so confin'd a realm beyond the Po,
> As could by their sole power the barbarous gloom
> Dispel, and to the Latin lore bring back
> Its lustre, and its ancient dignity?"

Such were the talents displayed by the constellation of Latin writers, in the sixteenth century, that Bettinelli considers it as a subject of national regret, that their poems were not composed in the vernacular tongue.

' Quai nuovi tesori avremmo noi, se la Sifillide, il parto della Vergine, l'Arte poetica o gli Schacchi del Vida, e quelle elegie soavissime, e que candidi epigrammi, o endecassillabi del 500, fossero stati nel volgar nostro composti?"

Risorgimento d'Italia, ii. 121.

To say that their compositions in verse come nearest to those of the classics themselves, and with no great interval between, is the least praise with which the critics are contented. Sannazaro, in the judgment of Crescembeni, is distinguished from the poets of the Augustan age by his catholic piety alone. On Castiglione the same critic has bestowed the glorious title of the new Virgil, and Scaliger preferred him to Propertius. To Bembo, who was at once an author and a friend of authors, Bettinelli assigns the honour of having opened the new Augustan age, of having emulated Virgil and Cicero, and revived Petrarch and Boccace in the elegance and purity of his style, without which no one can write for immortality. He was accused of too rigid an imitation of these masters, a fault which, though it might in some degree detract from his reputation, was serviceable to the interests of literature, which being then in its infancy, and in danger of suffering from the too great license of certain writers, seemed to require an illustrious model of strict purity and close adherence to classical authority. Sadoleto and Fracastoro are reckoned by the same critic among "i veri maestri di scrivere in ambe le lingue," and those whom he terms the prodigies of art, and the delight of the soul: the former was the friend and schoolfellow of Bembo, and was a poet perhaps in a greater degree than he,

> "largosque alti bibit ætheris ignes
> Divinum spirans."
>
> *Sadoleti. Quin. Curtius.*

The latter well deserves the appellation of il gran Fracastoro, and the character of one of the fathers of philosophy and Latin verse.

Navagero, with the other founders of the academy of Novale, in the Venetian territory, which is probably alluded to in the passage from Flaminio, above quoted, are entitled immortal writers and "classici veramente." Flaminio is deemed an author worthy of the Augustan age, and he and Ippolito Capilupi* are rivals, rather than copyists, of Catullus. The Latin verse of Mobra is esteemed by Tiraboschi no less elegant than his Italian poems, and he is ranked among the most happy imitators of Tibullus. For the character of Vida, we need go no farther than the Essay on Criticism:

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* Mr. Roscoe, to whom we may refer for information on the lives and merits of many of the authors here mentioned, writes Sadoleti and Capilupo, by inadvertence we presume.

But see each muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust and rears his reverend head.
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow.
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame.

It is enough to say of Niccolo d'Arco,* that he was the friend and emulator of Flaminio and Fracastoro, and that he retired from public life to the shores of the Benaco, and totally surrendered himself to literary pursuits. Bonfadio is described by De Thou, as a man of great acquirements. Paolo Manuzio, the son of Aldo the celebrated printer, is praised by the same author, for his exact knowledge of the purity of the Latin language. The three brothers of the family of Amalteo attained great reputation for their poems, and Giovambattirta, according to Giraldi, was called Juvenis trilinguis. Mureto, the last of this honourable list, we are informed by De Thou, was distinguished by his faculty of writing Latin.

To these testimonies from high authorities, we shall not presume to add any observation further than, that, generally speaking, the authors of the poems contained in this selection appear to have written in Latin with the same ease as in their native tongue: their compositions are not centos of classical phrases artificially combined, but the original dictates of minds truly poetical, and completely masters of the medium by which they gave utterance to their ideas.

From the increasing fondness for every thing connected with Italian literature, there is little doubt of this selection being favourably received by the public. There is nothing inserted which does not deserve a place, though perhaps some things have been omitted which merited insertion. This, however, is the common fault of all that class of books which are known under the several names of Spicilegia, Excerpts, Analecta, Selections, Flowers, Beauties, and Extracts. Brief notices of the lives and writings of the authors are prefixed, and some notes added, chiefly biographical, drawn from vari-

* We believe this to be the Italian name of Nicolaus Archius, though we have not at hand the means of ascertaining it.

ous authentic sources. The volume has the merits of elegant type and correct printing, and in size resembles many of its classical brethern of the 16th or 17th century, being an octavo in the esse rather than in the videri.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 10.—*The Year of Jubilee considered, in a Discourse delivered at the Unitarian Chapel, in Essex Street, on Sunday, October 22, 1809, by Thomas Belsham.* London, Johnson, 1809. *pp.* 36.

ART. 11.—*The Jubilee, or Motives for Thanksgiving and Congratulation derived from a Consideration of the Character and Conduct of our most gracious Sovereign, King George the Third: a Sermon, preached in the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital, on Wednesday, October 25, 1809, being the Day on which his Majesty entered on the Fiftieth Year of his Reign. By the Rev. John Hewlett, B. D. Morning Preacher to the said Charity, and Lecturer of the united Parishes of St. Vedast-Foster and St. Michael le-Queen. Published at the Request of the General Committee of the Foundling Hospital.* London, Mawman, 1809. *pp.* 24.

ART. 12.—*The National Jubilee, Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Reign of George the Third, politically and morally improved. By a Magistrate.* London, Mathews and Leigh, 1809. *pp.* 74.

AFTER eating jubilee *roast beef* with vivid relish, and viewing the variegated lustre of the jubilee lights with considerable satisfaction, it becomes our office to peruse some jubilee sermons, in which we are afraid that we shall not discover so much solid nutriment as we found in the one, nor so much splendour of elegance and beauty as we beheld in the other. The three present works are not, indeed, such meagre and shrivelled performances, without sinew or muscle, artery or nerve, as we believe that the occasion has in general produced. We cannot at present notice the three *evangelical* jubilee discourses which we have seen announced from the pen of the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D.D. who has displayed such a laudable anxiety to wield the crosier among the sceptical Hindoos. The sumptuous entertainment, well larded with grace, which this proselyting theologue has provided for us, we must reserve to another opportunity. In his plain and perspicuous discourse (Art. 10), Mr. Belsham has given an account of the nature and origin of jubilees, with which we have no

other fault to find, than that it was published *after* the recent jubilee, and that we shall have long ceased our critical labours before this country experiences the repetition of a similar event. Had Mr. Belsham's sermon been published *before* the celebration of the jubilee, it would certainly have had a very extensive circulation, which it is not now likely to obtain, as the event is passed, the feasting has vanished, the lamps are extinguished, and the interest has ceased. This sermon of Mr. Belsham is not polluted with any fulsome or unbecoming adulation, of which we are certain that our venerable monarch would himself be the first to reprobate the use, in that sanctuary which is set apart for the worship of the King of kings.—HONOUR THE KING is a good scriptural maxim, and it is a great political duty;—but FLATTER THE KING is a precept, which is contrary both to reason and to scripture. Both reason and scripture teach us not to utter soft and oily falsehoods, even in the ears of kings. For what is *flattery* in plain language but a lie? To flatter kings and princes, therefore, is not loyalty—No; it is the veriest opposite of loyalty. It is treason—treason against truth, and an outrage offered to the God of truth, "in the place which he has chosen to set his name there."

Mr. Hewlett is a perspicuous and energetic preacher. His sermon (Art. 11) does not descant much on the political merits of the reign, but on the personal and private virtues of the sovereign. All this was right and wise. The domestic virtues of his majesty are fit topics of encomium; but certainly more so in the senate and the forum, than in the sanctuary of Jehovah. The king of Great Britain is the proper object of *civil* reverence, but his master and our master, his God and our God, is the only object of *religious* adoration. We were surprized that a person of Mr. Hewlett's reading and information should countenance the vulgar error, that the *independence of the judges* was one of the distinguishing boons of the present reign. The independence of the judges was one of the fruits of the glorious revolution, to which we are indebted for the accession of his majesty's family, and consequently ultimately for all the gratifications of the recent jubilee. By the statute 13 W. III. c. 2, as Blackstone says, the commissions of the judges were made, not as formerly, *durante bene placito*, but *quamdiu se bene gesserint*. By the 1 Geo. III. c. 23, the judges do not vacate their offices on the demise of the crown, which they had been previously supposed to do. The act, therefore, of 1 Geo. III. c. 23, only deprived his successor, on his accession, of the exercise of the invidious right of dismissing the old judges and appointing new.—The work entitled "The National Jubilee," "by a Magistrate," (Art. 12) is written by some gentleman who possesses that florid flippancy of style which writers of little taste, and readers of little judgment are apt to mistake for eloquence. We shall not, however, animadvert with any severity on some of the doctrinal inculcations of the magistrate, which appear to us to savour more of methodism than of christianity; for, notwithstanding his habitual

verbiage, and his occasional fanaticism, we find several just and animated remarks. We should cordially join the writer in the following, which he proposes as a *national toast*: 'May the reign of George the Third be eminently distinguished BY A REVIVAL OF THE SPIRIT OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION.' We heartily hope that the spirit of the protestant reformation will arise with new and accumulated strength, that our fellow-christians may no longer bend their necks to the dogmatical creeds and articles of councils, assemblies, and convocations, but may acknowledge the scriptures, and nothing but the scriptures, as the only safe and authoritative guide in all points of polemical disputation. A reformation of religion was hardly more wanting in the days of Henry the Eighth, than it is in the present reign, when *established* opinions, which are connected with lucre and emoluments, are found to be as opposite to the scriptures critically interpreted, as the popish superstitions in the reign of Edward VI. were in the judgment of the most learned theologues of that time. If the true *spirit of the* PROTESTANT *reformation* had been really alive in the hierarchy of the English church at the present day would the aged, and the honest, though the *incautious* and *impolitic* Mr. Stone have been deprived of all his ecclesiastical emoluments, and reduced to indigence, merely for opposing what he *conscientiously* believed unscriptural error, and for vindicating what he as firmly believed to be scriptural truth? We are surprised that such an outrage on the spirit of the protestant reformation should have excited so little animadversion. We take credit to ourselves for having been the first, and we believe almost the sole persons who have exposed the iniquity of this unchristian prosecution. (See Critical Review for January, 1808, p. 22, and for June of the same year, p. 165.) One of the acts of grace conferred on the jubilee, ought to have been an ample indemnity to this suffering religionist. We believe that subscriptions for Mr. Stone, who has been more sinned against than sinning, are still open at Messrs. Brown, Cobb, and Co. 66, Lombard-street. Take physic, bloated orthodoxy, and for once contribute a few of thy superfluities to heresy in distress!!!

ART. 13.—*Diversity of Sects and Opinions no valid Objection to the Truth and Importance of the Christian Religion. A Sermon, preached in the Presbyterian Chapel, Hull; by William Severn.* Hull, Rodford, 1809. *pp.* 31.

THIS sermon is very laudable in its object, and very respectable in its composition.

POLITICS.

ART. 14.—*A Review of the Policy and peculiar Doctrines of the modern Church of Rome, wherein their dangerous Tendency, political and religious, is considered, and their true Origin designated; and some of those, which the Protestants consider as the most objectionable, are proved not to have been held by the ancient British, Saxon, or Irish Christian Churches; in Answer to Arguments advanced in Favour of the Roman Catholic Question, and more especially those of Sir John Throckmorton. By the Rev. Peter Roberts, A. M. Author of Letters to Volney, a Harmony of the Epistles, &c.* London, Williams, Strand. 1809. 8vo. 6*s*.

IN this work Mr. Roberts has been at some pains to accumulate all the old objections against the catholics, accompanied with as much recent matter of an invidious kind as he could collect. But he does not appear to have placed the subject in a new or a stronger light than his predecessors. The principal arguments, indeed, which he has urged against the catholics have been often urged before. But Mr. Roberts is certainly entitled to one species of praise, which does not always belong to those who have cherished, and who have defended, a similar antipathy to the equitable claims of our Roman Catholic fellow-christians: he has treated the subject with great urbanity and moderation, without indulging in coarse and ungentlemanly invective. This praise is not often merited by those who engage in polemical discussions; but it is due to Mr. Roberts, and we will not withhold it, though we differ from him most widely with respect to the duty and the policy of making any further concessions to the catholics. Mr. Roberts seems to think that any augmentation of the political power of the catholics would endanger the safety of the state; and, therefore, he appeals to the primary law of national self-preservation, to justify the government of the country in resisting their claims. He argues, though we think with very little consistency, that, because we have bestowed on them the elective franchise, we ought to withhold the right of exercising any legislative functions. But we are of opinion, that the possession of the elective franchise, of which they were thought worthy, and which they have not abused any more than their protestant brethren, is an additional argument for the concession of the legislative capacity. The one seems necessary to prepare the way for the other. When civil restrictions and disabilities are imposed on any class of subjects, so as to degrade them beneath the political level of their fellow-citizens, the reasons for such invidious measures should be very forcible and apparent. But the restrictions should never be continued when the reasons have ceased which caused them to be imposed. At the period of the revolution, the protestant succession, which was then intimately identified with the enjoyment of a free government, was endangered by the power and machinations of the papists. The lapse of more than a century, however, has made a great change in the opinions of the papists, and in the danger to be apprehended from their political combination, even if they were

hostile to the present government. But, as far as facts and solemn declarations are a proof of loyalty, they certainly are as well affected to the reigning sovereign, and to the established constitution, as any other sect of religionists in this country. The papists, considered as a religious or a political body, opposed to a protestant establishment, can never be formidable, while the pope, whose *spiritual* supremacy they acknowledge, and from subjection to whose authority they derive their name, is so fallen in that power, which rests upon opinion, that the son of a Corsican scrivener can make him dance from Rome to Paris, from Paris to Rome, and from Rome to Avignon, like a puppet upon the wires. Who are these formidable papists that, if we grant them the capacity of being chosen into the legislature, which cannot happen at the utmost to more than a score of their number, we are immediately to expect the subversion both of the altar and of the throne? Why these confederated religionists, whose rosaries and crucifixes are so great an object of terror to our graduated divines, are the professed adherents of an old man, who is in exile at Avignon, and whom Buonaparte is about to assemble a conclave of cardinals at Paris, in order to strip of the rag of authority which he still retains. Mr. Roberts and other enemies to the proposed concessions to the catholics, talk as if this body of men were in the plenitude of their power, and as if the ruler of the Vatican were, like the great Colossus of the middle ages, bestriding a superstitious world. These anti-catholic gentlemen, who array themselves in the armour of ancient argument, to combat the perilous delusions of the papists, put us in mind of Don Quixote fighting giants and dragons which had no existence but in his own imagination.

POETRY.

ART. 15.—*Modern Proselytism, a Poetical Sketch.* London, Sherwood. *pp.* 7. 8vo.

AS far as we have been able to make out the meaning of the author of this Sketch, which is no easy matter, it appears to be that more evil than good is the result of religious proselytism.

ART. 16.—*Gastronomy, or the Bon Vivant's Guide. A Poem. From the French of J. Berchoux.* London, Booth, Duke-street, 1809. *pp.* 42, 4*to.*

M. BERCHOUX traces the progress of the culinary art from its early to its more improved state. He then commends the pleasures of eating as greater and more permanent than those of love. A residence in the vicinity of the metropolis is commended, as most favourable to the conveniences of good eating. The judicious selection in the choice of a cook is next inculcated.

> 'That point's most important, on him it depends,
> Your table to crowd with agreeable friends.'

Groups of cattle, pictures of fruit, and game-pieces are stated to be very appropriate ornaments for a dining-room. Our late dinner-hours are reproved:

'Adopt not the fashion of dining each day
When the last rays of light in the west fade away;
The stomach complains that the world's grown so polish'd,
It lives but by halves since we've supper abolish'd.'

The old precept, of acquiring an appetite by exercise, is duly enforced. The first course now makes its appearance;

'And the savoury odour the sauces exhale,
Keeps the guests undecided which dish to assail.'

The dishes are many of them of a more substantial kind than we thought that a Frenchman would have been likely to admit; and the old English *sirloin* is not bereft of its due share of praise. The author approves the maxim of Mrs. Glasse, "*Serve the dinner up hot.*"

'The choicest ragout,
If cold when you eat it, is not worth a sous.'

M. Berchoux very properly advises us to study the partialities of our guests, in doing the honours of the table.

'Tis the wing of a chicken the ladies most like;
Give the white side of turbot, the back of a pike.'

The second course is not delineated with much variety or elegance. The author, however, furnishes the table with a more ample supply of game than most English manors afford. But he does not seem to be much a friend to what our English gentry often mention with watery lips—a barn-door fowl. For he says,

'Of the commoner species of poultry beware:
Your fowls bred at home, I too often have seen
Unhealthy, misshapen, dry, tasteless, and lean.
Now and then, with a friend, to his village I go;
Where at night the unfortunate hero I know,
Whose shrill sounding pipe, the first herald of day,
On the morning preceding drove slumber away,
Whilst, freely, his brisk cackling mates he pursued,
With envy, his tender endearments I viewed;
But the rogue was determined, for supper was drest,
To be tender no more, as my teeth soon confess'd.'

M. Berchoux adorns his table with a sumptuous dessert, and provides gratification for the palate and the eye; and he follows it up with a magnificent variety of wines, of most of which an Englishman knows the names better than the taste.

"With a pleasing anxiety, now we survey
Decanters and glasses in brilliant array;
How eager each eye! with what ardour we burn
To commence the attack, when it comes to our turn!
Nor long do we wait—see the column advance!
In the van are the delicate natives of France,
Purple hermitage, burgundy, sparkling champaign,
Old hock forms the centre with sherry from Spain.
Constantia, rich mountain, imperial tokay,
As skirmishers act—fire a shot, and away;
Leaving claret, madeira, and generous port,
In the rear, well prepared the chief stock to support!"

"To toasts I object not; but hate party-cant,
Drink no minister's health; nor exclaim with a rant,
"Be liberty welcome! equality, hail!
May the sovereign will of the people prevail!"
By sentiments oft you some guest may displease,
I'd fain, in their stead, drink such wishes as these:
"May we fifty years hence stout and hearty remain,
And a hundred times meet at this table again!"
"May no change of season endanger the vine,
Nor war nor taxation deprive us of wine!"

As we have not read the original of this poem, we cannot decide how far its spirit or sprightliness has been infused into the translation; but if the translation has preserved all that is contained in the original, it is not difficult to determine that the poem of M. Berchoux does not often sparkle with vivacity or wit.

NOVEL.

ART. 17.—*The Irish Recluse; or, a Breakfast at the Rotunda;* 3 vols. *By Sarah Isdell.* London, Booth, 1809.

THIS novel is dedicated to Sir Edward Denny, Bart. of Tralee Castle. Mrs. Isdell tells us there is nothing particularly aimed at in these volumes beyond the unadorned recital of a story that is not unnatural, and, as she hopes, not without a moral. The story is certainly very unadorned; but the moral is, as in many other works of this kind, good. Virtue, after severe trials, is rewarded, and vice of course punished. The story did not interest us much, and we shall not analyse the contents. The mortifications and sufferings of Lady Elizabeth de Burgh, which spring from her inordinate vanity and pride, are very well told, and her seclusion natural. The passion of jealousy is also well depicted in the character of her husband. But we must allow we were by no means pleased with the atrocious character and improbable account of the Marquis de la Santa's life and death; nor do we see any good moral that can be derived from contemplating the murder of his innocent wife and children, who are

assassinated by an enraged servant. Some of the scenes in the Irish Recluse carry us back to the horror, anarchy, and confusion which prevailed during the French revolution; but we cannot say that this recital, though it is interwoven with the story, gave us any interest or pleasure. The most pathetic and interesting part of the work is the story which old Margery Jones relates of her daughter, and the feeling she excites towards her granddaughter, Emma Summers, who marries a young man who is mad after *French liberty;* and, from taking an active part in the confusion of the times, is brought to the guillotine. We have noticed those characters which appear the best drawn, and which furnish what the authoress very laudably wishes—a good moral.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 18.—*The Elements of Universal Geography, adapted to Maps, with a Selection of the most useful Problems, on the Terrestrial and Celestial Globes, for the Use of Schools, and Private Teachers. By T. Mainwaring.* Crosby and Co. 12*mo. pp.* 151. 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE author has in this work very judiciously proposed to bring together the principal points of his subject in a condensed form. The introduction contains a very brief account of the solar system, which is followed by an outline of the general principles of astronomy and geography. The natural and political divisions of the earth are then detailed, in a manner deserving praise, and the remaining part of the book treats of the use of the globes. At the end of each section are added some questions, ingeniously framed, for the exercise of the pupil.

The general principles of astronomy, as applied to the earth, namely, the divisions of time, the seasons, &c. are attempted to be explained, from the map; but there is no doubt that the best, if not the only effectual mode, of explaining them, is from the globe; and therefore the 'use of the globes' should have preceded the mere geographical part of the work. The problems on the terrestrial globe are performed by the obsolete mode, of rectifying for the latitude, instead of (what is assuredly more eligible) rectifying for the sun's declination. Among the problems on the celestial globes, there should have been included some problems concerning the planets and the moon.

This work is ingenious, and deserves a second edition. We wish the author to revise the language, which is not always accurate; and to correct a few mathematical *errata*. This done, it becomes a valuable school-book.

ART. 19.—*A new and easy Guide to Arithmetic, being upon a new Plan of Arrangement, with a Variety of Examples in each Rule, for the Purpose of exercising the Pupils in Classes, chiefly designed for the Use of junior Classes and young Ladies. By T. Mainwaring, Teacher of Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, and the Globes, in Ladies' Schools and Private Families.* Crosby and Co. 12*mo.* 130 *pages. Price* 2*s.* 6*d. neatly bound.* 1808.

THIS little book is well adapted to the instruction of the pupil

in the four fundamental rules of integral arithmetic; and their application is shewn in Reduction, the Rule of Three, Practice, and Interest. It is to be regretted that the author has retained the injudicious (not to say absurd) division of proportion into the direct and inverse rules, a distinction very perplexing to the pupil, and for which we are convinced there is no reason but prescription. The peculiar merit of the book is, that the examples, for the most part, are numerous, and are throughout well selected; but there is not a sufficient number of examples in numeration, nor in bills of parcels.

The publication, upon the whole, is what it professes to be; in the beginning of the article, we observed that it would avail the pupil; we may safely conclude by saying it will be found useful to teachers.

ART. 20.—*The simple Rules of Arithmetic, in Questions and Answers, suited to the Capacities of Children, with Tables of Weights and Measures; in two Parts, for the Use of Schools, conducted on the Plan of the Rev. Dr. Bell. By George Reynolds, Master of the Lambeth Boys Parochial School, and Writing Master to the Asylum, Lambeth.* London, Rivingtons, 1809. *Price 6d. each Part, with the blank Table, or 9s. 6d. per dozen, the two Parts.*

ART. 21.—*An irregular Series of blank Tables, belonging to Part I. of Arithmetic for Children educated on Dr. Bell's Plan. By George Reynolds, &c. &c.* London, 1809.

ART. 22.—*An irregular Series of blank Tables, belonging to Part II. of Arithmetic for Children educated on Dr. Bell's Plan. By George Reynolds, &c. &c.* London, 1809.

THESE little introductory helps to the knowledge of arithmetic are well calculated to answer the philanthropic end for which they are designed. The exposition is clear, and the rules are brief.

ART. 23.—*Important Studies for the Female Sex, in Reference to modern Manners; addressed to a young Lady of Distinction. By Mrs. Cockle.* London, Chapple, 1809. 12*mo*. 7*s*.

THESE 'Important Studies' consist of remarks or essays on 'Religious Example,' 'on Truth,' 'on the Duties of a Daughter,' 'on the Duties of a Sister,' 'on Temper,' 'on Charity,' 'on Friendship,' 'on Attachment,' 'on the Duties of a Wife,' 'on the Duties of a Mother,' 'on Seduction,' 'on modern Manners,' 'on the Value and Proper Use of Time,' 'on Death.' Mrs. Cockle appears to be a follower of Mrs. Hannah More, and her religious sentiments shew the stamp of that school; but she does not possess the art of conveying instruction with equal felicity and elegance. We give Mrs. Cockle every credit for good and virtuous intentions, and hope that her book will tend to improve those females, who read it, in the knowledge and the practice of the social and domestic duties.

ART. 24.—*The Junior Class-Book, or Reading Lessons for every Day in the Year. Selected from the most approved Authors. For the Use of Schools. By William Frederic Mylius, Master of the Academy in Red-Lion Square, London.* London, Godwin, Skinner-Street, 1809.

THIS is a very good selection for children; and much pains seem to have been taken in the choice of those tales which convey the best moral and the most instruction, blended with the most amusement. They are chiefly extracted from Fenelon, Addison, the Spectator, Guardian, from Goldsmith, the Arabian Nights, Franklin, Herodian, Quintius Curtius, Xenophon, Pliny, &c. Some very good pieces of poetry are interspersed by Ogilvie, Cunningham, Cowper, Marlow, Shenstone, &c. &c. Mr. Lamb's Ulysses and his Shakspeare's tales make a very conspicuous part of these extracts. Those subjects of natural history which are chosen are well adapted to arrest the attention of young minds, as well as the historical anecdotes with which the book is interspersed. Berquin's tales claim a great share of approbation, as well as the selections from Robinson Crusoe and Telemachus.

ART. 25.—*Lessons for Children; or, Rudiments of good Manners, Morals, and Humanity. By Mrs. Fenwick; in three Parts.* London, Godwin, Skinner-Street. 1809.

THESE tales are simply told, and form a pretty collection of lessons for children, from which they may derive much moral benefit. The little petulances and growing passions of children are pleasingly displayed and judiciously reproved. The Disasters of Impatience, the Bad Family and the Good Family, and Joseph's School-room at the foot of the Oak Tree, the Broken Crutch, and Ellen and Judith, are very pretty, and Mrs. Fenwick deserves much praise for her endeavours to amuse, and at the same time instruct, the rising generation, in these simple and elegant compositions.

ART. 26.—*Dramas for Children, imitated from the French of L. F. Jauffret, by the Editor of Tabart's Popular Stories.* London, Godwin, Skinner-Street. 1809.

THE contents of this little volume are entitled, The Curious Girl. Hector, or the Plotter caught in his own Trap. The Dangers of Gossiping. The Fib found out. The little Coxcomb. The Spoiled Child. Frederick; and Discretion put to the Proof. These dramas are in the same style as those we have noticed before, and similar to the tales written by Mrs. Fenwick.

ART. 27.—*History of Rome, from the Building of the City to the Ruin of the Republic. Illustrated with Maps and other Plates, for the Use of Schools and young Persons. By Edward Baldwin, Esq.* London, Godwin, Skinner-Street. 1809.

WE have on more occasions than one stated our objections to such brief and meagre epitomes as the present; which, however well they may be executed, can seldom either interest or instruct. The events are not exhibited in sufficient copiousness of detail to

communicate any but a superficial smattering of information, which is sometimes less desirable than total ignorance. Epitomes are often good exercises for young people to make, but they are in general the worst and most profitless books which the juvenile student can read. They are apt to puff up the mind with a conceit of knowledge, while they only starve the source of intellectual supply.

ART. 28.—*Outlines of English History, chiefly abstracted from the History of England, by Edward Baldwin, Esq.* London, Godwin, Skinner-Street, 1808.

THE remarks which we have made on the preceding work are more particularly applicable to this abridgment of abridgments.

ART. 29.—*A Dane's Excursion in Britain. By J. A. Anderson, Author of a Tour in Zealand, &c. &c.* London, Mathews and Leigh. 1809. *2 vols.* 12*mo.* 9*s.*

THESE little volumes contain a good deal of amusing *chit-chat*, and will reward the perusal of the lovers of light and desultory reading, much better than many of the sentimental and slipslop performances of the present day. We extract the following account, from the first volume, of our honest Dane's descent into a coal-pit, near Newcastle. The author having undressed himself, and put on a white flannel shirt, a grey jacket and trowsers of a very thick stuff, with a red night-cap, proceeded to the mouth of the pit.

'I asked my guide if we were going down in a basket, which question he answered by a smile, and desired me to put my thigh along with his own through a stout piece of rope, in the shape of a loop, suspended from an iron chain at the extremity of the long rope by which the coals are drawn up. I was then requested to throw my arms round the iron chain, and we were both turned off. We hung for a short time immediately over the abyss, and were then let down. A mixture of water and particles of coal drizzled on us during almost the whole of the descent. In less than a minute, I found myself upon my legs, and naturally very much amazed at this sudden transition. At the bottom of the pit a huge cauldron blazed with great fury; round it were seated a number of pitmen and boys. Their spokesman, while addressing me, "grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile," and a person so very lately immersed in theatricals may perhaps be forgiven, if he were led to assimilate the present occasion to the cauldron-scene in *Macbeth*. By degrees, as I recovered my sight, I felt somewhat reconciled to the novelty of my situation, and sat down by the cauldron, till my guide had made the necessary preparations for our progress. He placed a candle in a piece of clay, and fixed it between my fingers. The lowness of the seam obliged us to stoop immediately on setting out. We soon met a galloway, that drew six or seven baskets of coals, placed on seve-

ral small waggons chained to each other. The seam continued to decrease in height, which, with the wetness of the ground, rendered walking very tiresome. We sat down to rest near a part of the pit where several seams met. Here I observed a boy employed in putting down, on a slate, the number of baskets, as they came from the pitmen, who hewed the coal. By means of a lever, he placed the full baskets on the small waggons, and to a number of these put a galloway; for the lowness of the seam, where the pitmen worked, would only admit of little boys to convey the baskets singly on a barrow. We set off again, and I found myself obliged to lay hold of the wrong end of the stick, in order to support myself. In this situation, nearly resembling that of a tailor on his shop-board, I crawled a considerable distance, and at length gained the extremity of the seam. Being very much exhausted, I stretched myself along the ground. My guide very naturally smiled, as I was lying with my eyes fixed on the pitman, who had no apparel on, with the exception of small-clothes. He was a young man, and handled his pickaxe with great activity; his sooty countenance exhibited a degree of cheerfulness, which bore unerring testimony to the wonderful pliancy of the human mind. He tendered his pickaxe, and desired me to hew a piece of coal out of the seam; this I declined, but gave him a shilling, which he thankfully accepted. I did not feel perfectly comfortable in this situation, and found it absolutely impossible to suppress such ideas as the awful ceiling naturally suggested. On our return, we stopped at one of the trap-doors, made in various parts of the pit, for the purpose of confining the air, which frequently becomes inflammable. Here the guide directed my attention to a boy between six and seven years of age, holding a cord in his hand, with which he drew the door open. The appearance of the little wretch was miserable indeed; he had been sitting there since three o'clock in the morning, and was to be relieved at three in the afternoon. "And do you know, Sir," said my guide, with an unpleasant air of levity, "how much the little dog gets for that?—Ten pence." "He will of course be brought up for a pitman?" said I. "Certainly!" was the answer. "Does his master in the mean time afford him any religious or moral instruction?" "Oh! no!" replied the guide. I began to reflect on the immense sums which collieries yield; and when I thought on one proprietor in particular, who is said to enjoy an annual income of eighty thousand pounds, and upwards, I felt an additional relish for the beauty and wit of Pope's lines on an inordinate pursuit of wealth, and the consequent punishment of avarice:—

> "Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
> The slave that digs it and the slave that hides."

Alphabetical Monthly Catalogue, or List of Books published in November, 1809.

Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet. Vol. VI. 15s.

Army—The Defence of Outposts. 1s.

Avenger (The) or the Sicilian Vespers, a Novel. 3 vols. 18s.

Black-Rock House, or dear-bought Experience, a Novel. 3 vols. 15s.

Bon Vivant's Guide, or Gastronomy, a Poem. 4to. 5s.

Campbell—The New London Pharmacopœia translated into English, by Dr. Campbell. 12mo. 4s.

Carpenter—Letters to the Rev. Daniel Veysie, B. D. occasioned by his Preservative against Unitarianism. By Lant Carpenter, LL. D. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Correspondance de Madame la Marquise du Deffand, avec D'Alembert, Montesquieu, Madame de Staal, Le Marquis Argens, &c. 3 vols. 15s.

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List of Articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.

Kirwan's Metaphysical Essays, concluded.
Hobhouse's Poems and Translations.
Miss Porter's Don Sebastian.
Hayley's Life of Romney.
Lord Valentia's Travels, continued.
Lewis and Clarke's Travels among the Indians.

Errata in last Number.

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